

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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Toilet Soap Makers  
to H.M. King George VI

Fine English Soaps

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Tradition

THE WHITE HOUSE  
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Sold direct  
by the yard.

Patterns from  
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IRISH *for* TWEEDS

Northern Ireland is part of the  
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TRADE MARK

It's good—it's better—it's—

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Champagne to H.M. King George VI

### Moët & Chandon

CHAMPAGNE

MAISON FONDÉE EN 1743

Dry Imperial  
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Première Cuvée  
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Make friends  
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THREE STAR

CORDON BLEU

  
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# Cerelbos

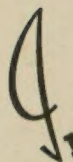
Salt for dainty tables

TENNENT'S  
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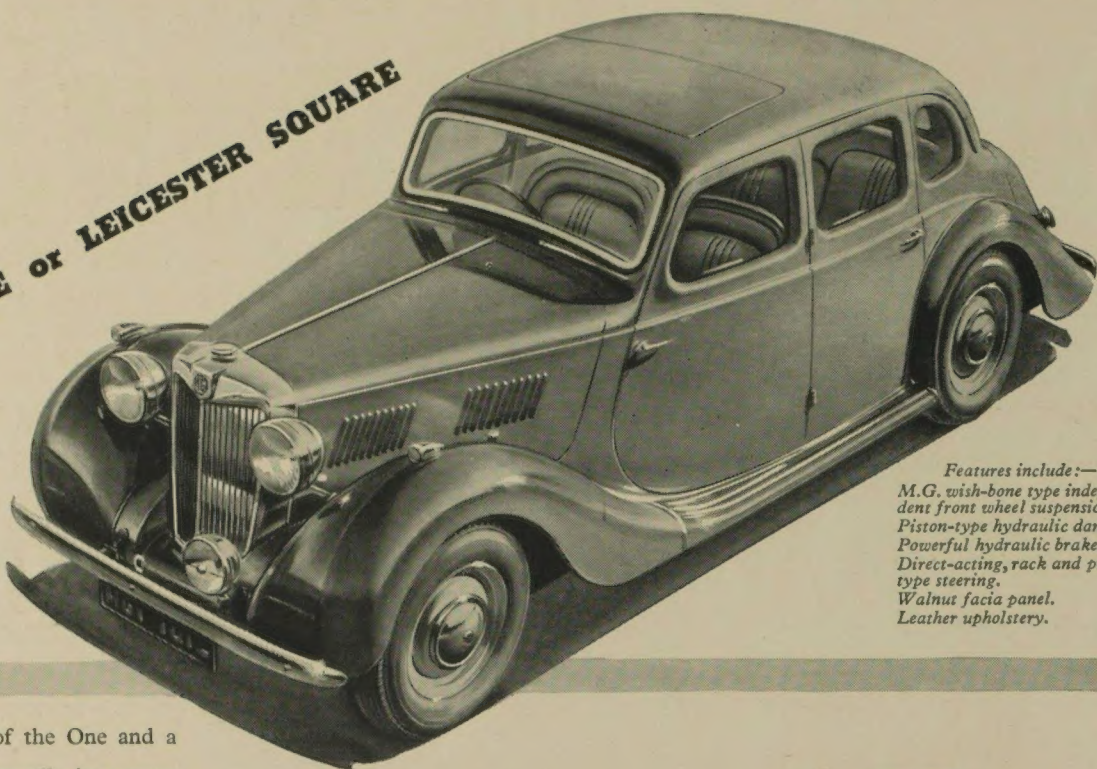


—Enjoyed the world over—  
BEER AT ITS BEST





**IN LEICESTERSHIRE or LEICESTER SQUARE**



Features include:—  
M.G. wish-bone type independent front wheel suspension.  
Piston-type hydraulic dampers.  
Powerful hydraulic brakes.  
Direct-acting, rack and pinion type steering.  
Walnut facia panel.  
Leather upholstery.

The classic British styling of the One and a Quarter Litre M.G. Saloon fits naturally into every setting with well-mannered grace and distinction . . . a country thoroughbred today, tonight a city sophisticate. Coil-spring independent front and well-damped rear suspension ensure comfortable cruising at sixty over the roughest of roads. A roomy saloon with sports car performance, this M.G. incorporates all the latest developments in design and construction without forsaking any of its traditional character.

**ONE AND A QUARTER LITRE**



**SALOON**

*Safety fast!*

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD  
London Showrooms: University Motors Ltd., Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, W.1  
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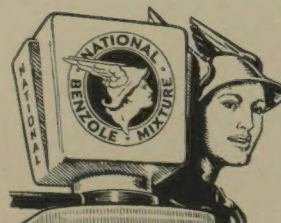
Look after your **INDIA TYRES** and they will give you an even greater measure of safety, comfort and mileage.



**INDIA**  
"The Finest Tyres Made"



**MOTOR HOW YOU WILL...**



Mr. Mercury will give you more miles per gallon!

**NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE**



# A word about deeds

"DEEDS, NOT WORDS" is a good motto for business. Yet some words have great power to influence deeds.

The name of Laing stands for many fine structures—factories, power stations, steelworks, cement works, aerodromes and schools—completed efficiently and on time, and for a century-old tradition of team work and craftsmanship. The name sets a standard which the firm's employees are ambitious to live up to; and so it is a great begetter of deeds.

Furthermore it guarantees that same high standard of work for those who entrust their construction to John Laing and Son Limited.

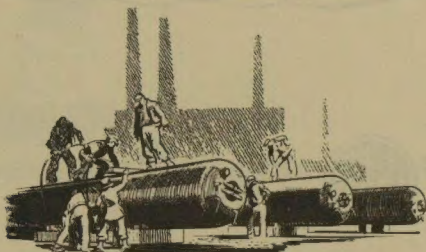
**LAING**

For speed and efficiency in building and civil engineering

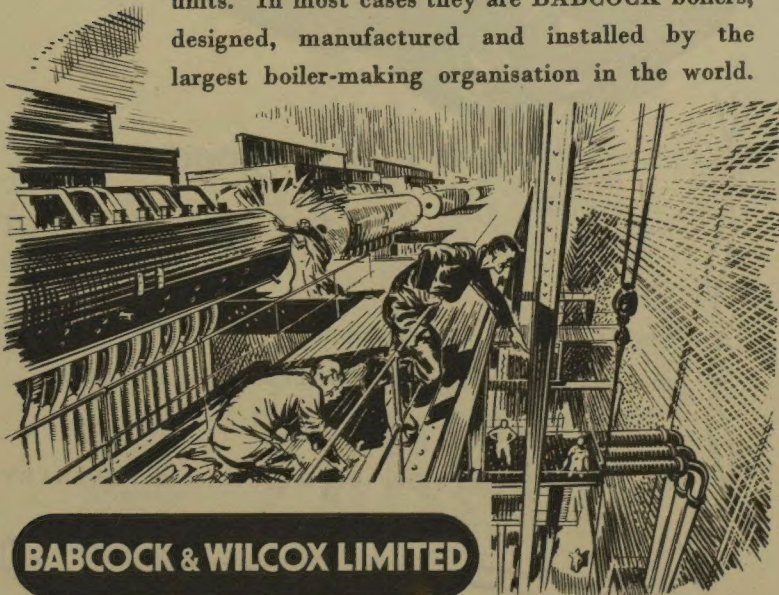
JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED • Established in 1848

London, Carlisle, Johannesburg, Lusaka

## THE POWER OF BRITAIN

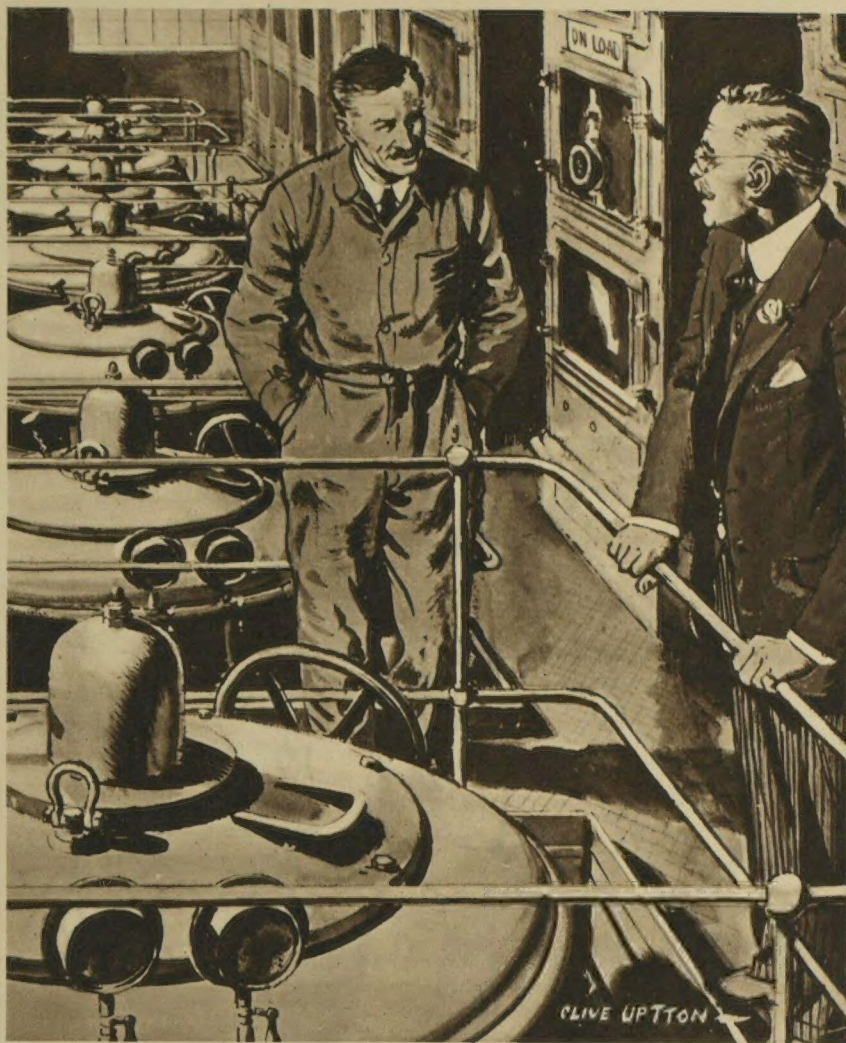


High as a ten-storey building, weighing some 2,000 tons, containing over 70 miles of steel tubing, operating at steam pressures of the order of 1,500 pounds per square inch and temperatures of over 1,000°F; such is the measure of the modern power-station boiler. A typical power-station may have as many as twelve of these vast units. In most cases they are BABCOCK boilers, designed, manufactured and installed by the largest boiler-making organisation in the world.



**BABCOCK & WILCOX LIMITED**

Engineers and Contractors • BABCOCK HOUSE, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.4



## We've solved some problems in our time!

In 1927—a Power Station problem. Generators driven by turbines. Turbines dependent on vacuum produced by condensers. Condensers supplied with river water by pumps. Pumps driven by electric motors. And to join the ends of this chain of interdependencies—the motors driven by current from the generators. That circle once broken by stoppage from any cause, the motors had to find power from elsewhere or the turbines could not be re-started.

¶ Obvious answer—a stand-by battery. But batteries idle for long periods are apt to prove work-shy when most needed. We worked out a new system of charging—the continuous feeding of a battery with exactly that fraction of charge which otherwise it must daily lose through standing unused. We called it trickle-charging.

¶ We started something, there. Trickle-charging is universal, now, for stand-by batteries. Our own Keepalite automatic emergency lighting system, using trickle-charged batteries, is in use all over the world.

¶ And the Chloride battery that began it? Dismantled at last after 22 years. Was it worn out? Far from it. Good for many years more service. But the building in which it stood has just been demolished. They're building a new Power Station.

¶ Our battery research and development organisation, the largest and best equipped in the country—if not in the world—is always at industry's service, ready at any time to tackle another problem.

**CHLORIDE**

BATTERIES LIMITED

**Makers of Exide Batteries**

EXIDE WORKS • CLIFTON JUNCTION • NEAR MANCHESTER

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# Placed first!



Happy little Scotch Blackfaced lamb! He knows his wool will be first choice for putting springiness into BMK carpets. Blended with other fine wools, it's woven on modern looms into attractive designs, with all the craftsmanship of old Kilmarnock. These carpets are permanently proof against moth, long-living and reasonably priced. If you're looking for worthy covering for your floors, put the BMK label first!



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*mothproof*  
**CARPETS AND  
RUGS**

BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK



**CYMA**  
AUTOMATIC

THE genuine CYMA-Automatic watch with center-second winds itself up every time you move your arm — whilst a special safety device prevents overwinding. The anti-magnetic 17-jewel precision movement of the CYMA-Automatic is doubly

guarded against shock. No fewer than six different patents protect this unique mechanism against imitation. MILLIONS OF SATISFIED OWNERS ALL OVER THE WORLD CAN TESTIFY TO CYMA'S UTTER RELIABILITY.

CYMA — ONE OF THE BEST SWISS WATCHES



The **SM 1500**

*It looks a good car—  
and it is a good car*

★ The Autocar '... Highly acceptable to a driver who cares above the average for the way in which his car performs and handles.'

SINGER MOTORS LTD · BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY





**HATS OFF**

TO  
*Barker & Dobson*

**CAMEO CHOCOLATES  
REGAL FRUIT DROPS**

THANK GODNESS  
B&D

**BARKER & DOBSON, LTD., LIVERPOOL  
FOUNDED 1834**

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**That's the long and short of it!**

**PERNOD**  
*The Aperitif of France*

Available in Bottles and Halves from leading Wine Merchants  
Sole importers: J. R. PARKINGTON & Co. Ltd., New Bond St., W.1



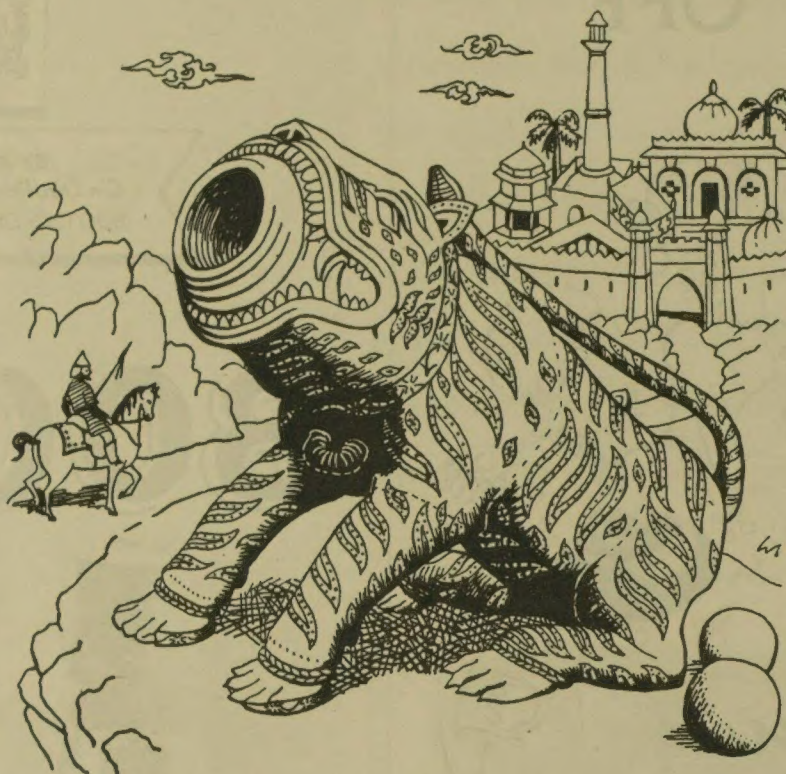
**BOOTA'S**  
**DRY GIN**

*Definitely Superior!*

Maximum prices in U.K. 33/9 per bottle, 1/4 bottle 17/7, 1/2 bottle 9/2, miniature 3/7

THE GIN WHICH HAS BEEN AWARDED THE BLUE SEALED CERTIFICATE OF  
THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH AND HYGIENE





## C O P P E R

**N**EXT to iron, copper is the most useful metal in the world today. Millions of miles of copper wire and cable carry the electricity that drives motors and transmits messages from one end of the earth to the other. It is made into fireboxes for railway engines and, alloyed with zinc or nickel, into condenser tubes for steam generators in power houses and ships. Alloyed with zinc, copper forms brass, which has a thousand uses from curtain rails to cartridge cases. Alloyed with tin, copper becomes bronze, the alloy that makes springs, statues and heavy duty bearings. Copper was

the first metal used by primitive man as he emerged from the Stone Age. When the Romans came to Britain, copper was already being widely used in the form of bronze. Mining and smelting were being carried out in Cumberland, Anglesey and North Wales. Today most of the world's copper ore is mined in Africa and the Americas.

I.C.I., which is the largest producer of wrought non-ferrous metals in the British

Empire, manufactures vast quantities of copper and copper alloys in forms varying from printing rollers to coins.





# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1951.



**"MY DEAR BAUDOUIN, IT IS WITH PRIDE THAT I TRANSFER TO YOU THE NOBLE AND HEAVY DUTY OF BEARING HEREAFTER THE CROWN OF BELGIUM": KING LEOPOLD SIGNING THE ACT OF ABDICATION, WHILE HIS SON, THE NEW KING BAUDOUIN, STANDS BESIDE HIM (RIGHT), IN THE THRONE ROOM AT BRUSSELS.**

Shortly after noon on July 16, King Leopold of the Belgians signed the Abdication Act in the Throne Room of the Royal Palace at Brussels. In this act he entrusted his constitutional powers to the Council of Ministers until his son, Prince Baudouin, should take the oath on the following day. Before signing, he touched briefly and with dignity on the events which had led up to his abdication; he spoke to

his son in the words quoted above; called on the representatives of the State present to sustain his son in that task; and ended: "I adjure you, let us remain united. May God protect Belgium and our Congo." Prince Baudouin promised to be a worthy son, the King and the Prince embraced, and King Leopold, as shown in our photograph, signed the Act of Abdication.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW weeks ago I promised, very rashly and presumptuously, to set down as I saw them the basic principles of the great Faith that has created the free societies of the West and without which, as most of us under the education of cruel fact are coming to see to-day, they cannot continue to operate efficiently. For "the Christian myth," as progressive rationalists—or as until a few years ago they used to suppose themselves—were wont to describe it, is not a sentimental fairy-tale that can be discarded by society as a snake discards an old skin or a woman a spring hat; it is the cement on which all the actions that maintain our society depend. Eradicate it, by ridicule, persecution or by any neglect of teaching, from the mind of Western man, and the democratic machine will presently cease to function. For the democratic machine depends on its operation on men who believe in, and try to practise, justice, personal honesty, loving kindness, humility and universal respect for the individual—the virtues Christianity has so long taught and inculcated—and, if men cease to try to practise them, the machine will inevitably stop working. These virtues, though founded on something deep down in every human soul, do not come at all naturally or easily to men, and without Christianity they would never have come at all. It is significant that a real democracy, as we understand it—a popular self-government, that is, without slavery—has never yet worked except in a country that has been educated by long and deep-rooted Christian belief.

Because of this, and because the whole future of mankind seems to turn on it, I tried, as so many are trying to-day to do in their own minds, to go back to first principles. I attempted to show, in its bare essentials, the character of the great Hebrew religion and morality on which Christianity was founded and, in a later article, however imperfectly, the lessons that Christ taught in the form in which they first appeared to men. And I feel that what I have tried to set down must remain incomplete unless I also try to trace the means by which that teaching has affected the mind and practice of Western man. For my object has not been to discuss theology, for which I have no qualifications whatever, but to consider a historical process which profoundly affects the present.

In the last resort, the teaching of Christ is a personal thing. Considered only in its lowest and most mundane aspect, it is that of a man who, through deep thought and sacrifice and suffering, had found the secret of life, the joint secret, that is, of love and conduct and of eternity or timelessness and, out of love for suffering, bewildered humanity—all humanity—was resolved at whatever cost to himself to share it with his fellow men and women. Having himself, a man, discovered the keys of Heaven and found the illimitable ocean of faith and love that lay behind life, out of that intense faith and driving love for his fellow men, he made it his mission, himself the son of God, to intercede, as we believe, with God, not by his words, but by his deeds, for every man, living and unborn, who out of need and suffering should come to believe in the truth of the word he had preached, repent of his sins and endeavour to follow him. All the disputes about dogma, all the changing theological conceptions about which Christians have since contended so bitterly among themselves, are immaterial to this rocklike foundation of personal reality:

Christ was the word that spake it,  
He took the bread and brake it;  
And what his words did make it  
That I believe and take it.

The effect of the Christian teaching on the mind of Western man can be traced back, at every stage of its development, to one supreme historical fact—the Crucifixion. It was not what Christ said that has caused men in successive generations to try to base their lives on what he said but what he did. It was that which struck the imagination, not only of his contemporaries, but of millions unborn, like an atomic bomb. By the perfection of his life—one in which he had revealed the nature of God by his own—the greatest teacher ever born on earth had entered, while still living in the body, into the inner kingdom of the spirit. He had overcome the flesh and the world. All round him he saw men who were unable to do so or

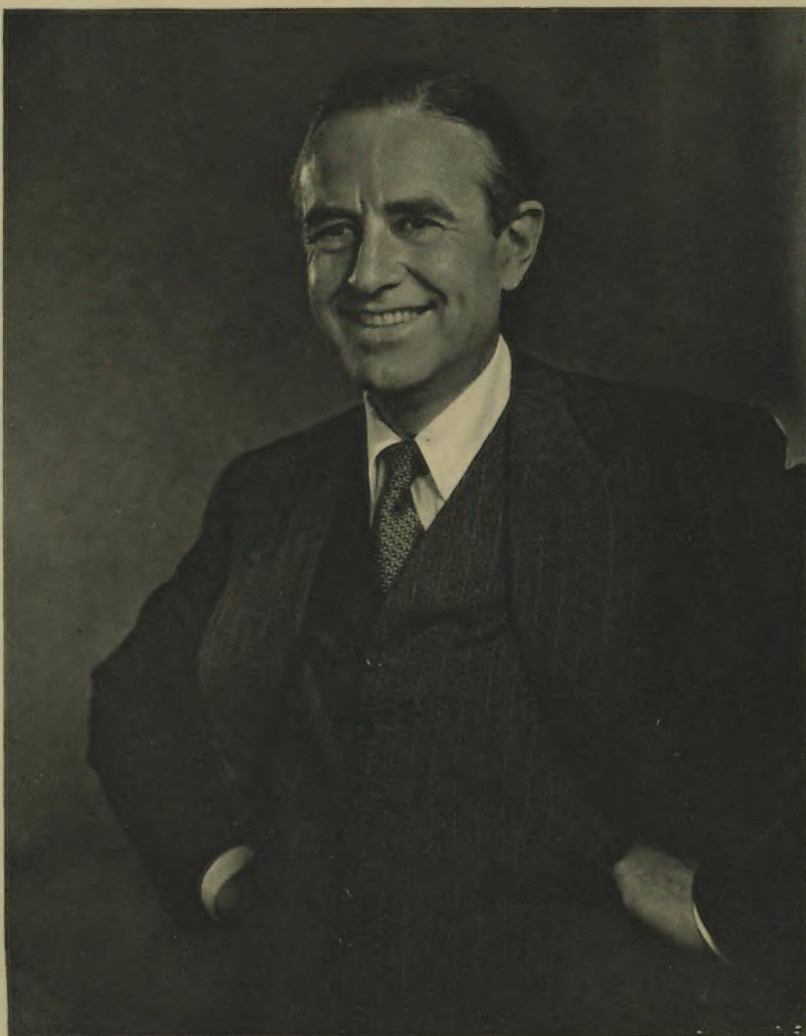
to realise the glory of their heritage. Reason alone could not inspire them to conquer passions which condemned them to a life of mutual destruction in the world of time and ultimate death in that of the spirit. Only faith could enable them to apprehend the light beyond the darkness which reason could not penetrate. And to awaken faith something more than words were needed. Being of the flesh, men required the witness of the flesh to make them believe. They needed an act.

Jesus gave such an act for all time. To endure in its effect it had to be one that, dictated by the spirit, belonged to the timeless world as well as to the world of time. Some supernatural miracle of force to astound the living could not have sufficed, because its effect, being physical, would have been confined only to those who witnessed it. It had to be an act of enduring love and sacrifice. Above all, it had to be within the comprehension and capacity of ordinary human nature: an act of selfless courage whose contemplation could touch the heart of even the rudest and whose example, followed, could redeem the selfishness of even the worst and most abandoned of men. Otherwise it could never have achieved its purpose, which was to inspire man—every man—to seek deliverance from the death of the soul.

Jesus had taught that the highest test of love was that a man should lay down his life for others. Loving men because they were God's creatures, he resolved to die for them. It was the only way he could save them. To enhance the value of that sacrifice, he embraced the greatest measure of earthly suffering and humiliation that man could experience. Knowing that it involved certain shame and death, he challenged the authority of the proud, blind Jewish priests and made his startling, revolutionary claim to be what he knew himself to be, the Son of God. By doing so in Jerusalem, the sacred capital of the Jewish religion, on the eve of the greatest religious feast of the year, he knew the fury of the storm he would provoke. Yet only through such a storm could he fulfil his purpose.

What happened cannot be explained in terms of material fact alone. We know the material, the historical, facts of that sacrificial death and agony. But the spiritual, being beyond time and space, requires a deeper interpretation. Misunderstood, vilified and alone, denounced by the high priests of his religion as a blasphemer, reviled by the fickle populace that had hailed him as a deliverer, bound and scourged by the Roman magistrates, and betrayed and deserted by his own fearful followers, this gentle, wise, loving but heroic being refused to deny the truth that was in him and which he knew it was his mission to make manifest. He was put to the torture and suffered a criminal's death upon the Cross, forgiving his persecutors and murderers and dying in agony and loneliness that poor, sinful men, not only living but unborn, should seek and through him find redemption.

For, though his foes killed Jesus, they did not kill his beliefs. They not only nailed his body to the Cross; they nailed, as he knew they would, The real miracle of Christ's life in this world of time then began: the miracle by which he became to men and women in successive generations; not a remote historical force, but a living presence dearer than life itself, transforming life. To unborn millions Christ henceforward stood as an intensely personal figure who, being dead, yet lived and loved and spoke. It is impossible to overstate the miracle of this wonderful personal achievement: that by the way he lived and died, Jesus projected his brief life on earth into the hearts of countless men and women still unborn, so that every one of them in his inner soul, and most of all in need, tribulation or perplexity, could find strength and comfort, guidance and inspiration and, through his love, a key to the Kingdom of Heaven. He had made a bridge between God and Man. And the words he had uttered in his lifetime: "Take up thy cross and follow me!"—became a marching word for men and nations, often misinterpreted and disregarded, yet again and again remembered and obeyed. Their truth to-day remains just what it was when they were first spoken—as vital and as present—and does so by virtue of that heroic act of Jesus of Nazareth in that tragic springtime nearly two thousand years ago.



PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S FOREIGN AFFAIRS ADVISER AND PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE: MR. AVERELL HARRIMAN, WHO IS HAVING DISCUSSIONS IN TEHRAN ON THE OIL DISPUTE WITH DR. MOUSSADEK.

On July 9, President Truman offered to send Mr. Averell Harriman, his special assistant and foreign affairs adviser since 1950, to Persia to discuss possible means of ending the Anglo-Iranian oil dispute. The offer was made in a personal letter to Dr. Moussadek, the Persian Prime Minister, in which he urged the Persian Government to accept the ruling of the International Court at The Hague. When Dr. Grady, the American Ambassador, delivered the letter, he was informed that the President's message was "too late," and that the Persian Government had already settled its policy in regard to The Hague Court, whose jurisdiction it could not accept. On July 11, however, Dr. Moussadek handed a letter to Dr. Grady saying he would be glad to receive Mr. Harriman for discussions. He added that Persia's position regarding nationalisation of the oil industry and the refusal to accept the jurisdiction of The Hague International Court were well known, but that he would welcome a visit from "one of the wisest statesmen of the United States." Mr. Harriman, it was announced from the White House on July 11, would leave for Teheran by air within forty-eight hours on completion of talks with Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson. [Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa.]



## THE KOREAN "CEASE-FIRE" NEGOTIATIONS: PERSONALITIES AND EARLY INCIDENTS.



ARRANGING THE KOREAN "CEASE-FIRE" TALKS WHICH OPENED AT KAESONG ON JULY 10:  
(RIGHT) THE U.N. DELEGATION LED BY COLONEL KINNEY (GOLD-BRAIDED CAP).



THE OPENING OF THE "CEASE-FIRE" TALKS: U.N. JEEPS, WITH WHITE FLAGS ON THEIR BUMPERS, PARKED OUTSIDE THE SCENE OF THE KAESONG CONFERENCE.



DRIVING TO THE PRELIMINARY MEETINGS: A U.N. DELEGATE AND INTERPRETERS IN THE BACK SEAT OF THE JEEP, WITH A COMMUNIST DRIVER IN FRONT WITH COLONEL CHANG, NORTH KOREAN LEADER OF THE PRE-PARLEY DISCUSSIONS.



THE INCIDENT WHICH LED TO THE "CEASE-FIRE" TALKS BEING BROKEN OFF ON JULY 12: COMMUNIST GUARDS STOP THE PROGRESS OF U.N. CORRESPONDENTS. A U.S. NAVAL OFFICER IS PROTESTING. [Photograph by Radio.]



LEAVING FOR THE FIRST CONFERENCE: THREE U.N. NEGOTIATORS IN A HELICOPTER. (L. TO R.) REAR-ADMIRAL BURKE, MAJOR-GEN. HODES, MAJOR-GEN. CRAIGIE. THE TWO OTHERS WERE THE LEADER, ADMIRAL JOY, AND A SOUTH KOREAN GENERAL.



LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE TALKS: (L. TO R.) GENERAL VAN FLEET AND GENERAL RIDGWAY, WITH THE DELEGATES, VICE-ADMIRAL JOY, MAJOR-GENERAL CRAIGIE, REAR-ADMIRAL BURKE.

After the conclusion of preliminary talks between small delegations, led (as reported in our last issue) by Colonel Kinney for U.N. and Colonel Chang for the Communists, the "cease-fire" talks proper opened at Kaesong on July 10. Despite a great show of armed guards by the Communists, the first two days, mainly concerned in framing an agenda, went satisfactorily. On July 12, however, a group of twenty U.N. reporters and photographers, previously notified to the Communists by the chief U.N. delegate, Vice-Admiral C. T. Joy, were refused

entry into Kaesong. Admiral Joy immediately notified General Nam Il, the North Korean leader of the Communist delegation, that there would be no more negotiations until this ban was removed. On July 13 General Ridgway informed the Communists that negotiations would only be resumed in an absolutely neutral zone and in an atmosphere of complete reciprocity. The North Koreans and the Chinese agreed to these terms, and negotiations were resumed on July 15 in a neutralised area round Kaesong.



## THE ABORTIVE SIAMESE REBELLION.



THE ATTEMPTED *COUP D'ÉTAT* IN SIAM: THE SIAMESE FLEET FLAGSHIP *SRI AYUTHA*, IN REBEL HANDS, LISTING AFTER BEING HIT BY LOYAL AIR FORCE AND ARMY GUNS.



AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE REBELS: LOYAL ARMY FORCES OCCUPYING THE NAVAL SIGNAL H.Q., AN AREA WHICH SAW SHARP FIGHTING DURING THE BANGKOK REVOLT.



AFTER THE FAILURE OF THE ATTEMPTED *COUP D'ÉTAT*, AND THE RETURN TO POWER OF MARSHAL PIBUL SONGRAM, THE PRIME MINISTER: REBELS IN CUSTODY EN ROUTE FOR A DETENTION CAMP.

On June 29 the Siamese Premier, Pibul Songram, was kidnapped when attending the transfer of a United States dredger to Siam at Bangkok. The outrage was carried out by naval forces in an attempt to seize power. The Army and the Air Force, however, remained loyal to the Government, and after some fierce fighting, which lasted for about thirty-six hours, order was restored, the Prime Minister liberated and returned to power and the public services in Bangkok (except for the electricity) resumed. A few persons, including two admirals, were arrested, but it is believed that the leaders of the attempt escaped. In our issue of July 14 we published a photograph which showed the Prime Minister at the moment of his seizure by marines. Marshal Pibul Songram has been in power since November 8, 1947, when the constitution was revised after a *coup d'état*. He also holds the offices of Minister of Defence and Minister of Finance.

## THE MODERNISED FRENCH ARMY.

The modernisation and rebirth of the French Army were displayed in the annual July 14 military parade in Paris. For the first time since the Liberation, units paraded with the latest up-to-date French war material and equipment. Tanks and armoured vehicles recently received under the mutual security arrangement from the United States were also on show. The traditional mounted Spahis and other cavalry were absent this year, and were replaced by 700 armoured cars, half-tracks, tanks, tank destroyers and recovery vehicles, and French ramps for rocket-firing. President Auriol, who watched the parade from a saluting-base half-way down the Champs Élysées, could see on an Army T.V. set the troops moving round the Arc de Triomphe in the distance. The parade was accompanied by an air display, which included a helicopter. This flew at the same pace as the procession of mechanised units and dipped as it passed the saluting-base.



PASSING THE SALUTING-BASE HALF-WAY DOWN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES ON BASTILLE DAY: TWO OF THE NEW 50-TON TANKS BUILT TO RIVAL THE *STALIN* TANK.



THE 14TH OF JULY PARADE OF THE REBORN FRENCH ARMY: TWO OF THE NEW EIGHT-WHEEL ARMY RECONNAISSANCE CARS PASSING DOWN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.



AN ILLUSTRATION OF MODERN FRENCH WAR MATERIAL AND EQUIPMENT: ONE OF THE NEW 120-MM. FAST SELF-PROPELLED ASSAULT GUNS IN THE JULY 14 PARADE.



## FLOOD AND FIRE IN KANSAS AND MISSOURI: THE HAVOC OF A VAST AMERICAN DISASTER.



THE WASTE OF WATERS TRANSFORMED INTO A SEA OF FLAME: FIREMEN IN KANSAS CITY ATTEMPTING TO EXTINGUISH THE BLAZING PETROL ON THE FLOODS.



FIRE ADDS ITS TERRORS TO THAT OF FLOOD: THE SCENE WHEN THE STORAGE TANKS OF TWO OIL COMPANIES CAUGHT FIRE FROM A BURNING FILLING STATION NEARBY. THE FLOODING OF THE FAIRFAX DISTRICT OF KANSAS CITY, KANSAS, WAS FOLLOWED BY FURTHER FIRES.

On July 11, the Kansas and Cottonwood Rivers overflowed and some 19,000 persons were rendered homeless. The disaster increased in magnitude, and on July 14 President Truman designated Kansas and Missouri as "disaster areas" so that all means of Federal relief might be extended. Fire added its horrors to those of flood, for when the waters overturned storage tanks of oil companies, explosions followed and the petrol ignited and transformed the waters into a sea of fire. Loss of life was, on July 15, believed to have been small, but no estimate



MORE DESOLATE THAN ANY CIRCLE OF DANTE'S "INFERNO": A FLOODED STREET IN KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, WITH, IN THE DISTANCE, BURNING PETROL ON THE WATERS.



AN AIR VIEW OF THE FLOODED AND BURNING KANSAS CITY: THE WATERS OVERTURNED THE OIL-STORAGE TANKS AND EXPLOSIONS AND FIRES FOLLOWED.



TOPEKA, CAPITAL OF KANSAS STATE, AFTER THE FLOODS: A CLOVER-LEAF INTER-SECTION IS HALF-INUNDATED (FOREGROUND). A BASEBALL FIELD IS INDICATED BY AN ARROW. (Photograph by Radio.)

of the number of missing had been made. Crops in the valleys are a total loss, but the havoc in the industrial districts is even more serious and probably amounts to several hundred million dollars. All cross-country travel by road or rail in Kansas was on July 15 blocked. In Kansas City, Missouri, the water rose 14 ft. in two hours. The breaking of dykes of the Missouri River spread the inundations, and a great fight was put up to save the temporary dyke protecting the Kansas City municipal light and power plant.



# THE ENGLISH SUMMER SCENE: ROYAL OCCASIONS AND SPORTING TRIUMPHS.



BEATING HIS OWN RECORD: A. S. WINT WINS THE HALF-MILE IN 1 MIN. 49'6 SEC.



BEATING THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD: R. G. BANNISTER WINNING THE MILE IN 4 MIN. 7'8 SEC.



A NEW CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD: D. C. PUGH WINS THE 440 YARDS IN 47'9 SEC.



EQUALLING THREE RECORDS: E. McDONALD BAILEY WINNING THE 100 YARDS.

A record crowd attended the A.A.A. Championship meeting at White City on July 14 and saw some great feats. E. McDonald Bailey won the 220, and in the 100 equalled the British All-Comers, British National and Championship records. R. G. Bannister put up a Championship record for the mile, as did A. S. Wint for the half, and D. C. Pugh for the quarter; and there were other championship records for the two-mile steeplechase, high jump, discus and weight.



(ABOVE.) THE SITE OF THE FUTURE NATIONAL THEATRE: THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE ON A SITE BESIDE THE FESTIVAL HALL (LEFT) AND THE SHOT TOWER (RIGHT).



HER MAJESTY, ACCOMPANIED BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH (LEFT), LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE FOR THE NATIONAL THEATRE ON THE SOUTH BANK.

On July 13, her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, visited the South Bank Exhibition to lay, on a site adjoining the Royal Festival Hall, the foundation-stone for the National Theatre. Speeches were made by the Queen and by Mr. Lyttelton, and a poem by the Poet Laureate recited by Dame Sybil Thorndike. The opening of the inscription on the stone reads: "To the living memory of William Shakespeare, on a site provided by the London County Council in conformity with the National Theatre Act. 1949. . . ."



LORD MOUNTBATTEN (LEFT) OPENING BUCKLAND ABBEY (SEEN ON THE RIGHT) AS A DRAKE, NAVAL AND WEST COUNTRY MUSEUM ON JULY 10.

On July 10, Buckland Abbey, near Plymouth, which was once the home of Sir Francis Drake, was opened by Vice-Admiral Lord Mountbatten as a Drake, Naval and West Country Museum. Many Drake relics are on view, including his drum and his portrait.



THE ARGENTINIAN F. GONZALEZ (WITH WREATH) RECEIVING THE TROPHY AFTER WINNING THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX AT SILVERSTONE.

In what was described as the finest motor race seen in England for years, the Grand Prix at Silverstone was won by F. Gonzalez, of Argentina, driving a Ferrari at an average speed of 96'11 m.p.h., from his fellow countryman, J. M. Fangio, in an Alfa-Romeo. The 500-c.c. race was won by S. Moss in a Kieft.

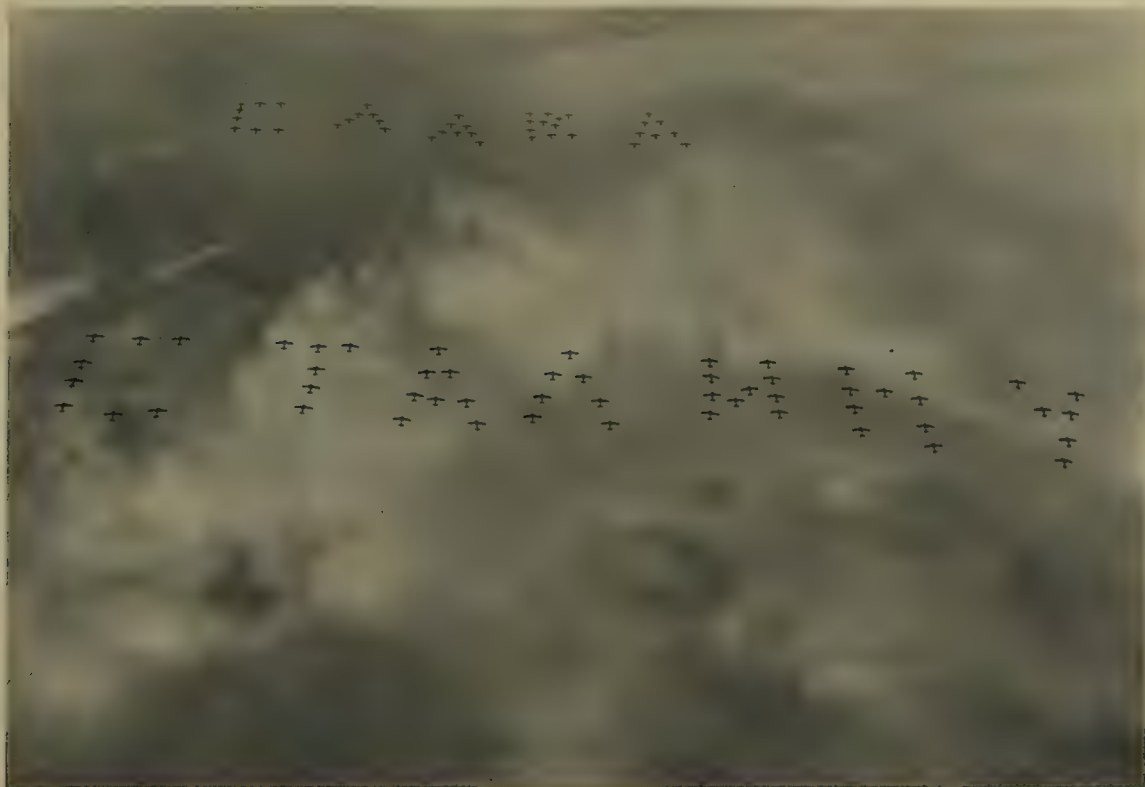


## FROM JET AIRCRAFT TO A MODEL BARGE; AND THE DAGUERRE CENTENARY.



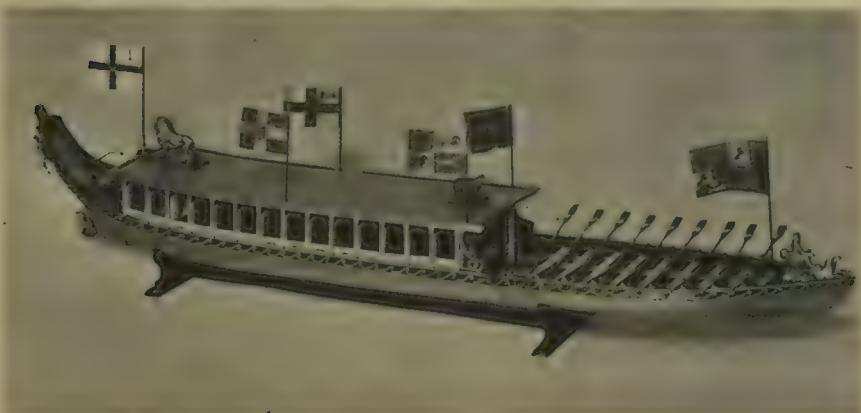
THE FIRST OF BRITAIN'S NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATES AND BELIEVED TO BE THE PROTOTYPE OF A NEW TYPE OF WARSHIP: H.M.S. *RELENTLESS*, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR AS SHE LEFT PORTSMOUTH FOR TRIALS.

A new feature of the Royal Navy is the development of anti-submarine frigates. Two are being converted from "R" class destroyers, three from "V" class and two entirely new ones are being projected. *Relentless* and *Rover*, the first of these to be completed, have had their bridges removed and superstructure reduced, and it is understood that they can be fought with everyone under cover. They offer a very small target, have a speed of 34 knots and carry two 4-in. guns.



SPELLING OUT "GLORY TO STALIN": RUSSIAN AIRCRAFT FLYING IN FORMATION DURING THE COURSE OF RUSSIA'S AVIATION DAY AT TUSHINO AIRFIELD.

Mr. Stalin himself, with Mr. Molotov, Mr. Malenkov and Mr. Beria, were present at the Aviation Day display at Tushino on July 8. Mr. Stalin's son, Lieut-General Vasilii Stalin, commanded the military section of the display. *Pravda* claimed that Russia was the birthplace of aviation.



RECALLING THE GREAT DAYS OF LONDON RIVER PAGEANTRY: A MODEL OF A FAMOUS COMPANY'S BARGE, RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' COMPANY. This delightful vessel is a model (at 1-in. to the foot) of the last of the barges built for the Merchant Taylors' Company. It was built in 1800, sold in 1846 and ended its days as the University College barge at Oxford. This model, made by Air-Commodore R. P. Ross, has been presented to the Company by the present Master, Rear-Admiral P. K. Kekewich.



GERMANY HONOURS THE CENTENARY OF A GREAT FRENCHMAN: WREATHS SET AT THE BUST OF LOUIS DAGUERRE.

On July 10, 1851, Louis Daguerre, one of the great pioneers of photography and the inventor of the daguerreotype, died at Bry-sur-Marne. On July 10, 1951, a delegation representing European Union visited his memorial in Frankfurt and placed wreaths there.



THE SHIP WHOSE STOPPING BY THE EGYPTIANS HAS BEEN THE OCCASION OF A BRITISH PROTEST: THE 716-TON *EMPIRE ROACH*, WHICH WAS BOARDED IN ENTERPRISE STRAIT BY AN EGYPTIAN CORVETTE ON JULY 1, WHEN TAKING STORES TO THE ARAB LEGION AT AKABA.





THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE IN REUTERS," ONE OF THE BOOKS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR RODERICK JONES, K.B.E.

Sir Roderick Jones, born in 1877, became an assistant Reuter correspondent in 1895, and in 1915 took control of the organisation. He reconstructed it, became principal proprietor, and by a process that was accomplished after his retirement in 1941, he laboured to establish Reuters in the hands of the newspapers of the United Kingdom.

Reproduced from "A Life in Reuters," by permission of the publishers.

Reproduced from "A Life in Reuters," by permission of the publishers.

## THE SPEED OF NEWS THROUGH A HUNDRED YEARS.

"REUTERS' CENTURY, 1851-1951"; By GRAHAM STOREY; and "A LIFE IN REUTERS"; By SIR RODERICK JONES, K.B.E.\*

N.B.—The illustrations on this page, with the exception of the portrait of Sir Roderick Jones, are not taken from the books reviewed.

Appreciations by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HISTORIES of business enterprises are published from time to time; and any firm which has been building satisfactory ships or making satisfactory mustard for a hundred years may comprehensibly wish, for the benefit of relations, associates and employees, to record the virtues and achievements of its bewhiskered founders and the expansive efforts of their progressive successors. I have read some such for friendship's sake: have tepidly admired the stupendous advance from the primitive hand-grooper to the majestic modern 100,000-h.p. turbine-driven power-grooper, and have contemplated dispassionately the rows of noughts added per decade to the figures concerning receipts, expenditure, capital outlay, reserves, dividends and (nowadays most imposing of all) taxation. But, in a general way, such books are

collection and merchandising of which is of supreme importance to all of us, and the handling of which may affect all our destinies: and that is news. The result is that these two books, which have just appeared in celebration of the foundation of Reuter's Agency, have an interest far transcending that of the ordinary business chronicle.

We are vitally concerned with the ownership of news-agencies; with the principles, motives and associations of the owners. One misleading Ems telegram may precipitate a war, and greed, malice or bias in the suppliers of our news may work incalculable evil. "We have learned," says Lord Layton in his preface to Mr. Storey's history of Reuters, "by bitter experience that news is a commodity that may be tainted, that thinking may be distorted and millions misled by suppression of the true and dissemination of the false. If freedom of the Press and of expression is an essential condition of a free way of life, the unfettered flow of objective information is its life-blood. It is at once the privilege and the heavy responsibility of the great news-agencies to be the purveyors of that vital commodity."

Well, news-agencies are not the sole purveyors. Newspapers have their own correspondents and dispatch their own travelling reporters. These also, and their employers may, for whatever reason, interfere with "the unfettered flow of objective information"; there have been, for instance, in our own time, rumours (whether well- or ill-founded) of correspondents from certain papers being instructed to favour one side in a foreign conflict as against another. But at least it is something for the instructed reader to know that any message with the name of this or that agency appended to it is completely pure, and the history of Reuters is the history of an institution which, humanly speaking, seems now, by dint of the labours of generations of devoted servants, to have reached as near perfection as could reasonably be hoped.

Reuters had a humble origin. In 1816 there was born to a Rabbi in Cassel a son, Israel Beer Josâphat, who, on being converted to Christianity twenty-eight years later, adopted the names of Paul Julius Reuter—later blossoming into Baron de Reuter, the barony being conferred by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. After marrying and running a bookshop in Berlin, he migrated to Paris during the troubled year, 1848, and, helped by a brief experience with the Havas Agency, started an agency with his wife. "They translated extracts from articles, social gossip and commercial news from the leading French journals, and then sent them to what subscribers they could muster, among the provincial papers, in all corners of Germany." After working with Wolff at Aachen, reinforcing the incomplete railway and telegraph systems with horse- and pigeon-posts, Reuter came to England in the year of the Great Exhibition. "The multitudes of every nationality who thronged the Exhibition during the five months of that summer of 1851 were paying homage to the two forces that made London the true birthplace of Reuter's Agency:

English tolerance, with all that this meant to the Europe of Reaction in the middle of the nineteenth century; and English commercial enterprise, with its insistence on making London the world's financial hub and the centre of the world's communications."

To-day the agency Reuter founded is hampered by no territorial agreements with other agencies, is completely unsubsidised and, in 1941, a partnership arrangement between the provincial and London Press made it the property of the British Press as a whole, since when Commonwealth papers have been taken into partnership.

This last achievement is mainly to be credited to Sir Roderick Jones, who, beginning as a young man, spent his whole working life in the service of Reuters, the climax being reached when, having obtained a large share in its control, he was able to achieve his abiding aim of establishing it on its present foundations.



THE AUTHOR OF "REUTERS' CENTURY, 1851-1951," ONE OF THE BOOKS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. GRAHAM STOREY.

Mr. Graham Storey, author of "Reuters' Century, 1851-1951," one of the books reviewed on this page, was educated at St. Edward's School, Oxford, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he obtained a first in the Law and English Triposes. He served in the R.A. from 1941-45, and since 1949 has been a Fellow and Director of English Studies at Trinity Hall.



FROM PIGEON-POST TO HIGH-SPEED RADIO: THE DRAWING ON THE COVER OF REUTERS' CENTENARY BANQUET PROGRAMME.

The drawing by E. H. Shepard which we reproduce formed the cover of the programme of Reuters' Centenary Banquet at Grosvenor House.

no more interesting to a stranger not "in the same line of business" than the next-door-neighbour's housekeeping-accounts would be. Somebody has established a firm to produce and market some commodity; somebody has achieved his mercantile ambition; somebody has outfought or absorbed his rivals. If he had not, somebody else would have; and, as for the ordinary man, provided he gets the commodity he wants, he is little interested in the struggles, dreams, genealogy or (unless he holds, or thinks of holding, shares) dividends of whoever produces it. He is no more interested in Mr. Brown's biscuit-factory than in Mr. Jones's: all he cares about is getting the sort of biscuit he likes and, unless and until the State monopolises the means of production and distribution, and gives him no alternative to National Biscuits, Pool Champagne or Utility Oysters, he will see that he gets it, and the purveyor who satisfies him will prosper. If he doesn't like what he gets he can try elsewhere; if he suspects poison or adulteration there is an analyst round the corner.

But there is one commodity, the

"Reuters' Century, 1851-1951." By Graham Storey. With a Foreword by Lord Layton. Illustrated. (Max Parrish; 10s. 6d.)

"A Life in Reuters." By Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E. Portrait Frontispiece. (Hodder and Stoughton; 25s.)



REUTERS' CENTENARY BANQUET AT WHICH A THOUSAND GUESTS WERE ENTERTAINED ON JULY 11: THE PRIME MINISTER IN THE CENTRE OF A GROUP.

Reuters' Centenary Banquet was attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor of London and by distinguished figures in every walk of life. Our group shows (l. to r.) Mr. Christopher Chancellor, general manager of Reuters (knighted in the Birthday Honours), Mr. Kent Cooper, executive director, Associated Press of America, Mrs. Kent Cooper, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Devadas Gandhi, a director, and managing editor of the *Hindustan Times*, Sir Lloyd Dumas, a director, and chairman of the Australian Associated Press, who presided, and Lady Dumas.



COMMEMORATING JULIUS REUTER'S "PIGEON POST": MISS TERESA CHANCELLOR RELEASING A PIGEON AFTER PRESENTING THE REUTERS' CENTENARY TROPHY TO MR. W. OSMAN.

In celebration of Reuters' Centenary, Miss Teresa Chancellor, daughter of the general manager of Reuters, released a pigeon, after having presented to Mr. W. Osman, editor of "The Racing Pigeon," the Reuters' Centenary Trophy to be put up yearly for competition by owners of racing pigeons. The signal for the release of the 1951 "Pigeon Express" was sent from Reuters' N. American H.Q. in New York by high-speed radio teleprinter.

At one time he thought of writing Reuters' history himself, since his friend John Buchan could not find time; but the task was delegated to Mr. Storey, and he himself produced a book of wider scope, a volume of reminiscences covering a much wider field than that of his working life. There is naturally a good deal of history and journalistic "shop" in it; but to many its greatest attraction will be the more personal pages in which he describes the great variety of eminent people he has known (there is, for example, a most illuminating account of Ribbentrop) and the places he has seen in his travels. His job did not bring him much into the public eye, nor would he have wished that. But he must have been as well known behind the scenes as almost any man in Europe and, after a life of single-minded devotion to an object, he has produced a book which will certainly stand more than one reading. Partly, of course, because the "life in Reuters" was not entirely spent "in Reuters" and wasn't quite "all work and no play."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 114 of this issue.



# TURPIN TRIUMPHS, AND BECOMES THE FIRST BRITISH WORLD MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION THIS CENTURY.



TURPIN LANDS A STRAIGHT LEFT ON ROBINSON'S JAW IN THE FIGHT FOR THE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD, WHICH TURPIN WON ON POINTS.



AFTER THE FIGHT WAS OVER AND TURPIN HAD WON DECISIVELY ON POINTS: (LEFT) RANDOLPH TURPIN SHAKES HANDS WITH SUGAR RAY ROBINSON (RIGHT).



TURPIN'S OVATION AT LEAMINGTON: THE NEW CHAMPION SPEAKS INTO THE MICROPHONE, BETWEEN THE MAYORS OF WARWICK (THE EARL OF WARWICK, FOREGROUND) AND ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA (ALDERMAN DAVIDSON).

The fight at Earl's Court on July 10 in which the British Middleweight Champion, Randolph Turpin, of Royal Leamington Spa, challenged the World Champion, Sugar Ray Robinson, of America, with the championship at stake, was regarded as a foregone conclusion for Robinson, with the remote possibility of Turpin's winning with a lucky and damaging punch. On the contrary, however, Turpin won on points decisively, winning seven of the fifteen rounds, with three even,



"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD": THE NEW MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, RANDOLPH TURPIN (ON BALCONY), FACES THE CHEERING CROWDS IN HIS HOME TOWN.



THE CROWDS WHICH THROGGED GREAT WINDMILL STREET TO SEE SUGAR RAY ROBINSON ARRIVE FOR THE WEIGHING-IN BEFORE THE FIGHT HE LOST TO RANDOLPH TURPIN.

and so becoming the first British citizen to be World Middleweight Champion since Fitzsimmons, over fifty years ago. He received a tremendous ovation when the decision was made known; and when he returned to his home town of Royal Leamington Spa on July 12 he was met by cheering crowds, a band, a triumphal procession and a civic reception in which the Mayors of Leamington and Warwick joined to honour the new World Middleweight Champion.



CAPTAIN the Hon. Augustus Hartlepool-Godalming served with high distinction in his Majesty's Bombardier Guards. He is a young man of energetic disposition, intelligent and attractive. He also possesses what used to be considered a large income and a charming wife with a good deal of money in her own right. They have three young children. They live in a delightful house with about eight bedrooms, nobly built in the reign of George I., with land enough for some mild and, I suspect, costly farming. Not one family in tens of thousands has their advantages. In former times here, and even now in almost every free country under the sun, these advantages and his own brains would provide the foundation for a brilliant career. He has often debated the question of going into business. Yet he has always decided that his resources will not run to the expense. A season-ticket from thirty miles out from Waterloo Station, transport and luncheons in London, wear and tear of city suits at £50 apiece, income-tax and surtax on his extra income, all this would leave an inappreciable return for his endeavours, and the small residue of income remaining in his hands would not pay for the bailiff to farm the bit of land in his place. I fear he also suspects that if he became a daily-breader, Griselda would take to popping up to town with him, spend a lot of time in Bond Street—and more than time—and take to looking in at the Portchester about luncheon-time to see if any of her old pals were about.

So he potters about in clothes that no one in the village would wear, paints pigsties, plays the midwife to cows, does a half-time job with reasonable efficiency, at least insuring that his family has plenty of eggs and butter, shoots a little, fishes a little, keeps a good car, and often goes in it to visit friends for a glass of sherry before dinner after the toils of the day. Griselda, though she has what must be considered a magnificent staff for these days—an Italian maid, an English nanny who looks after the children out of condescension, but has to be waited on hand and foot, and a daily help who obliges—works pretty hard, too. She is an excellent cook, which is lucky for Augustus, because the Italian maid is eccentric in that respect and, anyhow, has no time to spare. Griselda will cheerfully invite her less well-to-do friends to stay with them, feed them on the fat of her land, and slave for them the while. Some of them are so worried about the tasks they impose upon her that they hardly dare to come, but she genuinely enjoys their company.

Ex-Guardsman Jock Heddon was a youth in a Northumbrian coalmine when he joined the Bombardier Guards. Jock was standing within a yard of Augustus when he got a bullet in his leg in front of Cassino, and they still exchange Christmas cards. Jock still limps a little, but does not find that this hampers him in the mine, to which he has returned. He, too, is married and has three children. His earnings are higher than those of his former platoon commander in the days when Augustus commanded the company. The afore-said platoon commander is a Fellow of St. Aloysius's College, Cambridge, and his last article in the *English Historical Review* set tongues wagging in several common-rooms. Jock is the staunchest of Labour men. He is now, however, causing embarrassment to the Government by threatening to strike for extra pay and at the same time staying away from work, which is known to well-brought-up officials as absenteeism. Jock's problem is in a sense the same as that of Augustus, though one was born with a golden spoon in his mouth and the other with an iron one. To some extent the cost of living, but to a far greater extent a devilish invention of extortion wielded by "them"—"they" being the rich who oppress Jock—known by the mysterious initials P.A.Y.E., he finds crippling, and the more he works the more goes to P.A.Y.E. It is fun to see dogs racing each other, and if the right dog wins, there is no P.A.Y.E.

Yet another individual, so well known to the author of these lines that he might almost be the same man, is a university professor and a writer. He is a grandfather, who yet until a year or two ago used to pride himself upon a boyish figure and gait, but is now beginning to become bowed as a result of sitting over a desk. His capacity for work astonishes himself. The other Sunday, allowing half-an-hour for luncheon, ten minutes for tea, and an hour for dinner, he worked from ten in the morning until midnight with such concentration that he felt dazed as he went upstairs to bed. Sometimes he feels a momentary pride in the amount of money he nominally earns, but it is quickly extinguished when he looks at his

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. IT COSTS TOO MUCH TO WORK.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

bank-book or the demands of the tax-collector. Yet editors always seem to think he might manage more, and offer him what they apparently consider tempting inducements to do so. "As short as you like, and you know the subject backwards, so it can't give you the slightest trouble. We'll pay twenty-five pounds, but I'm afraid we must have it by the end of next week. You could do it in your sleep."

Well, he would have to. But would it be worth while? He has no head for figures and cannot calculate exactly what would be left after deduction of

cellors of the Exchequer who have held office since the General Election of 1945. Money which they would never otherwise have seen has been poured into them, with the result that their progress has been, in the opinion of this authoritative informant, thrice as rapid as would have been the case if their funds had depended purely upon their own attractions and not in great part upon the predatory demands of the Exchequer at home. He is a specialist in the affairs of these two territories, but is convinced that they do not stand alone in their good fortune. Perhaps the Chancellors are

not dissatisfied with this result, since they are wedded to the theory that spending by individuals is the prime source of inflation, though they consider spending by the Government to be a barrier to it. If so, it is a feeble barrier, as we are all now realising.

In point of fact, taxation is in itself an important factor in inflation. In the case of organised industrial labour the indirect taxation is an even bigger factor than the direct. Beer, tobacco and purchase-tax have, as their representatives make no bones about admitting, played a great part in the continuous demands for higher wages by the unions representing the great basic industries. It is true that they have been given a good deal in return, a large proportion of it coming from the taxation of those with higher incomes; but much of this is already taken for granted as belonging to the natural order of things. Prophecy on financial matters may be dangerous in these days, but it can be forecast with confidence that rapid inflation will continue unless taxation is reduced. (I say "rapid," because, of course, over the long term, inflation, or the decline in the purchasing power of money, goes on all the time, with only brief and slight setbacks to its progress.) And, since it is improbable that taxation will now ever be voluntarily diminished because the pressure of the Welfare State has become so heavy, it is improbable that rapid inflation will cease until there is a smash.

Human nature does not change in its essentials. Enterprising men in all walks of life want to "better themselves," and in that desire lies by far the chief incentive to hard and efficient work. There exists another theory, that all earnings should be on an equality, but it has never been more than a theory. Even in Communist countries, where it might be expected to be real, it has been partly abandoned. I do not speak here of the commissars, with their special shops and other privileges, but of the artisans at the bench, who perform prodigies of toil and are rewarded in terms of cash as well as of prestige. We in this country reserve such privileges to a great extent to our version of the commissar class. Another characteristic of the men who are likely to give the best service to the State in public or private life is the laudable desire to earn enough to start their children in their careers with greater advantages than they themselves enjoyed. Sometimes the children prove unworthy of the effort, and the family moves "from clogs to clogs" in a couple of generations, but the effort itself is worthy. Too often with us taxation and success duties tend to make "clogs to clogs" compulsory.

Let my friend Captain Hartlepool-Godalming have the assurance that just a little higher proportion of his earnings would be left in his pocket and I am sure he would prove a most useful figure in the City without detriment to the Guernseys or the pigs. A relatively small reduction in that sinister P.A.Y.E. would be a real pick-me-up to Jock Heddon, especially if there were a little more eatable meat (not old ewe or bull which turns the knives of the mincing-machine) to be bought. As for the ageing and persecuted professor, he would put in an hour before breakfast if the editors really considered it worth while and the Government allowed them to make it worth his while. I doubt whether the Government will be convinced, not because it does not believe in its heart that this is so, but because it dares not admit it. If we go on as at present we shall run into trouble. What will it profit us if, our hair having fallen out, we all wear free wigs?

### ENLISTING EVERYMAN AS ARCHÆOLOGIST



AN APPEAL FOR UNIVERSAL HELP IN THE SEARCH INTO BRITAIN'S PAST: A COLOURED POSTER WHICH IS BEING DISPLAYED AT STRATEGIC POINTS AND CENTRES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Nearly all the great archaeological discoveries are based on chance clues—a bone, a coin, a flint, a shard of pottery turned up by the spade or plough or revealed in a quarry or land-slide. Each of these little clues may lead to far-reaching discoveries of this country's history or pre-history. Thousands of such clues are thrown away or disregarded. The Council for British Archaeology (74, Onslow Gardens, London, S.W.7) has accordingly prepared the striking and richly-coloured poster (by Brian Hope-Taylor), which we show above in monochrome, and is distributing it widely through various learned societies, clubs, museums and libraries, colleges and schools, and through all quarries under the control of the Ballast, Sand and Gravel Association. In addition, various other bodies, such as the Young Farmers' Clubs, Classical Association, sundry youth organisations and the Council for the Preservation of Rural England are all helping in making this appeal to the public. In addition, the Council for British Archaeology has prepared a list of museums or centres, arranged by districts, to which discoveries should be reported.

income-tax and surtax, but he knows that it would be a woefully small sum. And what would it buy? If the editor or the proprietor behind him would frank luncheon-bills for him at one of the less abominable of the London restaurants for ten days it might pay him better. If he would pay a return fare to Torquay and put him up there from Friday to Monday, it would certainly pay him better. But editors are high-souled men, and have not yet gone into the black market to any great extent. If he writes a book, he possesses the old-fashioned type of conscience which forces him to take a certain amount of pains over it, so that the work covers several years. The royalties, however, are not spread in similar fashion—at least, it is far from easy to spread them—and the tax-collector grabs in a single year a huge proportion of the earnings of long toil. He has turned down proposals for writing half-a-dozen books since the war. It is true that lack of time has played a part in these decisions, but so also has the crippling weight of taxation.



# THE PERSIAN OIL CRISIS: ABADAN "PIN-PRICKS" AND TEHERAN DIPLOMACY.



WHERE EAST MEETS WEST IN A CONDITION OF RISING TENSION: A STREET IN ABADAN, WHICH TYPIFIES THE UNEASY BLEND OF THE TWO CULTURES.



A PERSIAN ARMY TANK RUMBLES THROUGH THE STREETS OF ABADAN DURING A RECENT MILITARY PARADE, STAGED THERE IN PURSUANCE OF THE "PIN-PRICK" POLICY.



PERSIAN INFANTRY OF THE 10TH DIVISION "GOOSE-STEPPING" THROUGH ABADAN DURING THE PARADE, FOR WHICH THEY WERE BROUGHT FROM THEIR KHUZISTAN H.Q.



PERSIAN NAVAL RATINGS MARCHING PAST THE SALUTING-BASE AT ABADAN: THE PERSIAN FLEET INCLUDES A CORVETTE, A FRIGATE AND THREE SMALL GUNBOATS.



BRITISH OILMEN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS LISTENING AT ABADAN TO NEWS OF THE OIL CRISIS.

WHILE in the Persian oilfields, and at Abadan and elsewhere, the Persians continued their policy of "pin-pricks" and insults, the sequence of diplomatic events was as follows: on July 9, Dr. Henry Grady presented to Dr. Moussadek Mr. Truman's offer to mediate in the oil crisis. Dr. Moussadek replied that the offer came too late, but on July 11 he informed Dr. Grady that

*[Continued opposite.]*



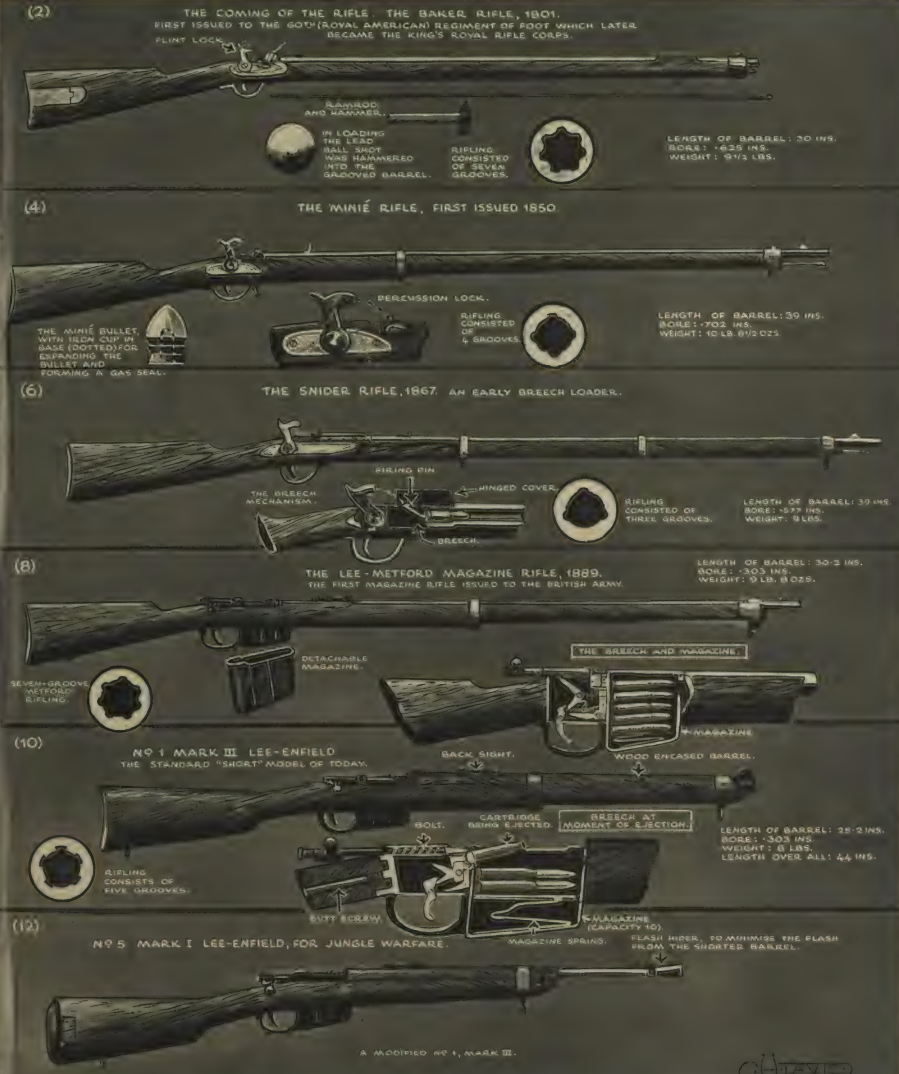
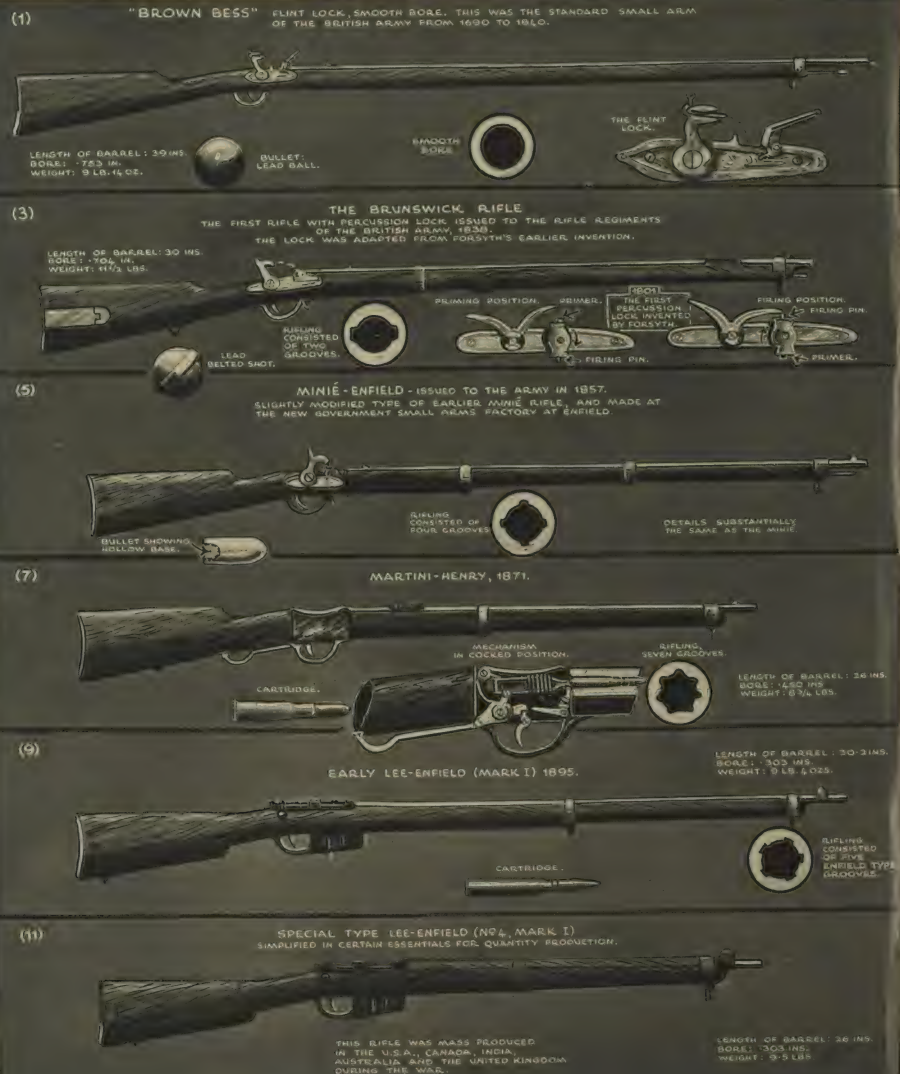
DR. MOUSSADEK (IN BED, RIGHT) HEARS FROM DR. GRADY, THE U.S. AMBASSADOR IN PERSIA, THE U.S. OFFER TO

*Continued.* Mediate, he would be pleased to receive Mr. Truman's personal adviser, Mr. Averell Harriman. On July 12, however, the Persian Government formally informed the British Government that it had rejected The Hague Court's suggestions; and it became apparent that Mr. Harriman's visit was regarded by the Persians principally as an opportunity to put their case in a more favourable light.



SMALL PERSIAN NAVAL CRAFT TIED UP NEAR KHORRAMSHAHR: OTHERS WERE STATED TO BE WATCHING THE BRITISH CRUISER MAURITIUS, OFF ABADAN. H.M.S. MAURITIUS WAS SHORTLY TO BE RELIEVED BY H.M.S. EURYALUS.





## THE BRITISH ARMY RIFLE: ITS EVOLUTION THROUGH TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS FROM

The publication of the War Office's proposal to re-arm the infantry with a new light self-loading rifle of 280-in. calibre, together with a description (but no pictures) of this new infantry weapon, comes at the end of about 250 years' development in the small arms of the British Army. This decision has been taken, it is stated, after trials and experiments over five years. The main objective in the new rifle has been to produce a light weapon of the self-loading type. To achieve this lightness and also to avoid the heavy recoil which a 303 round would cause in a self-loading rifle, it was necessary to reduce the calibre of the individual round. A calibre of 280 was chosen, as its characteristics allowed a decrease of 12 ozs. in the weight of the rifle, while the 280 round itself, being shorter, is smaller to store in bulk and

gives an 18 per cent. saving in weight compared with the present 303 round. Tests of the new rifle and round are stated to show: its "stopping" power is ample and its penetration greater than the 303; its recoil is less; the rate of aimed fire is three or four times greater; it is more dependable in adverse conditions of sand, mud, heat or cold than any comparable weapon in use; it is more accurate than the present service rifle at all service ranges; while robust enough for the full rigours of bayonet fighting, it is considerably easier to handle than the present rifle. The new rifle was demonstrated to a group of M.P.s at Enfield. It was then revealed that the new weapon is carried by an "attach-case" handle on the top of the barrel, which will cut out much arms drill and make the "trail" the normal method

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

## THE 753 "BROWN BESS" TO THE NEW PROJECTED 280 SELF-LOADER, GRAPHICALLY EXPLAINED.

of carriage. The magazine carries twenty rounds, and the rate of fire at "automatic" is eighty rounds a minute. The graphic history of the muskets and rifles of the British Army which our Artist has drawn above illustrates several general tendencies and a few revolutionary changes. In general, the weapons have grown shorter, lighter and of decreasing calibre. Smooth bore has been succeeded by rifled bore; the round ball was succeeded by the grooved or belted ball, which was succeeded by the shaped bullet and the covered bullet with attached cartridge. The flint-lock was succeeded by the percussion method and that was superseded by the "needle" fire. Muzzle-loading was succeeded by breech-loading, and now it would appear the hand-operated bolt action is to be superseded by the self-loading action of the

new rifle. The introduction of the magazine was another revolutionary change, and the magazine has continued to develop up to the new 20-round model. An interesting fact about these changes, as incorporated in the weapons of the British Army, is that they have all taken place in the last 100 years. From the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough to the year of the Great Exhibition—about 150 years—the standard weapon of the British Army was the "Brown Bess" flint-lock, with only minor modifications. The need for an improved weapon was underlined by the War of American Independence, as a result of which rifle regiments were armed successively with Baker, Brunswick and Minié rifles, although as late as 1854 the Guards were just receiving the Minié to replace the "Brown Bess."



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



be useless. What such enquirers usually want is a little easy travel abroad, to the Alps for preference, with the prospect of bringing home a few gentians and perhaps an edelweiss in a sponge-bag. For such a holiday one can safely recommend almost any Alpine district, the Pyrenees, or the Maritimes, the Dauphiné or the Savoy Alps; the Tyrol, the Dolomites—or even Switzerland. The flowers are there wherever you go. To be quite honest, it's going abroad that I, at any rate, want almost as much as the Alpine flowers. Complete change of food and drink, change of scenes and smells, and—if it's France—the French dogs, often of no particular breed, but always enchantingly sophisticated.

I have said that to tell of the best and most rewarding collecting-ground of all would be useless, for nobody would deliberately, and in cold blood, follow my advice. In fact, only once have I followed it myself. I went plant-collecting in England and Scotland instead of going to the Alps. I bought a nice, mellow old car, slow and comfortable, and at a price that, should anything go wrong with her, one could just put a match to her and buy another. One could in those days. In this car my son and I set out with no particular plans beyond taking a general northerly direction, with the idea of looking at gardens, botanic gardens, big important gardens, intimate and specialist gardens and, above all, cottage gardens. We went for the duration of the cash; and it cost rather more than a holiday of the same duration in the Alps would have cost, even though I sold the car for ten shillings profit at the end of the trip. But it was a grand holiday, and we brought home a few really good plants. One in particular I remember with regret, for later I somehow managed to lose it. It was a dwarf, erect-growing phlox, like an enlarged *Phlox divaricata*, a shade less than 2 ft. tall, with heads of snow-white blossom. It looked like a species rather than a garden hybrid or variety. I had never seen it before, and have never seen it since, but it was a grand border plant, and there was no excuse for losing it. The trouble at my Stevenage nursery was that we always had rather too many good and valuable plants on trial, so that some apparently got tired of waiting for the full attention that they deserved and so, disgusted, they slipped away.

Plant-collecting in British gardens may lack the spice and romance of collecting abroad, but I have no hesitation in saying that Britain is by far the richest plant-hunting ground in all the world. You will not find new species as you might in the Andes, the Himalayas or the forests of the Amazon. Nor can you come home and relate how your companion was killed for the table by the natives, and how you yourself escaped "death—or worse" by a miracle. Any miracle will do. But in British gardens there are endless fine plants to be found, old forgotten plants, and special varieties which have never strayed beyond their own village. All the collector requires is an eye for a good plant and a friendly technique of approach for effecting a swap or a purchase of a bulb, a root, or a cutting. New plants brought from the ends of the earth by collectors have still to be proved here for hardiness, adaptability to the garden life in Britain, and even for garden worth. Antique plants, picked up in cottage gardens, out-of-the-way

## COTTAGE-GARDEN PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

nurseries and so forth, have the advantage of having stood the test of time and survived, owing to their iron constitutions combined with their appeal to the genuine flower-lovers who have grown them for such ages.

I can say quite honestly that, although I have made many plant-collecting expeditions during the past forty years or so, many of the very best plants that I have discovered, or rediscovered and reintroduced,

were found in British gardens. Two of them, and they were among the very best of all, I found, not even in cottage gardens, but in men's buttonholes at the R.H.S. fortnightly shows.

At one spring show, at some time early in the '20's, I saw in a man's buttonhole an anemone which seemed

to me outstandingly beautiful. It was like *Anemone fulgens*, but was very much larger, and in colour a curious salmon-scarlet with a deep black centre. I asked the wearer about it. He had, I think he told me, collected it in Greece, and had named it "Persephone." Later he very kindly sent me a root. Seedlings raised from "Persephone" gave a race of many-coloured varieties—scarlet, deep crimson, wine-red, carmine and straw yellow. I selected them for several generations, and then, one day, the cream of the collection got sold by mistake, and sold for a song. Since then, though I still have the remnants of the "Persephone" strain, I have never recovered the full range of splendid colours. Then there was the old laced pink, now well known and widely grown as "Dad's Favourite." I met Mr. A. J. Macself, then Editor of *Amateur Gardening*, wearing this wonderful pink in his buttonhole at an R.H.S. show. He most generously sent me a root—without any name attached—so I named it provisionally after the donor, "Pink A. J. Macself," and as such

it was first distributed. Later Mr. Macself told me that the plant had a name, "Dad's Favourite." It is probably a very old variety, and is a perfect example of the laced pinks which were cultivated a hundred years ago. Each white petal has a well-defined crimson band, reaching almost, but not quite, to the slightly fringed edge.

It was somewhere about 1916 that I found *Armeria* "Vindictive" growing in a cottage garden in Wiltshire. In those days the best coloured variety of *Armeria maritima* was *A. m. lauchiana*. The flowers were a good tone of deep pink. But my Wiltshire find had larger flowers than *lauchiana*, of a much deeper, stronger colour. I bought a root of this form, and later named it "Vindictive" and distributed it from Stevenage. In its way it is a first-rate plant, still the best "crimson" *maritima*, and must have been grown and distributed in vast numbers since the first scrap came from its cottage home.

Perhaps the most perfect example of a fine old cottage-garden plant is the auricula known as the "Old Red Dusty Miller." This has a constitution of iron, forming strong clumps of leaf rosettes which are heavily dusted with silvery-white meal, and heads of wallflower-red blossoms. For years I have grown "Red Dusty Miller," and always I have hoped to find a yellow- or golden-flowered counterpart. Many good yellows came my way—and passed. Not one of them had that hearty habit of growth of the "Old Red." A year or two ago, however, my son came upon, if not an exact golden replica of "Old Red," at least a worthy companion. It grew, a wide border of it, surrounding a large bed in a small garden. Out of flower, it comes very near "Old Red," with the same stout, trunk-like stems and mealy-white leaves. But the rich golden flowers are much larger than those of "Old Red," more fully petalled, and they are carried boldly aloft on stout stems of good length. Without doubt it is a first-rate border plant and, though nameless when my son found it, and so far as one could tell without a history, it is most probably an antique. It has the charm and the iron constitution that will, at any rate, enable it to become an antique. Meanwhile, it has been christened "Broadwell Gold."



"COLLECTED" FROM AN ENGLISH COTTAGE GARDEN: A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF THE OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS THAT AWAIT REDISCOVERY AND REDISTRIBUTION. THE AURICULA "BROADWELL GOLD"—A ROBUST AND BEAUTIFUL COMPANION PLANT TO THE "OLD RED DUSTY MILLER."



A CLOSE-UP PORTRAIT OF A SINGLE ROSETTE OF "BROADWELL GOLD," A REDISCOVERED AURICULA. PROBABLY AN ANTIQUE, BUT IT CERTAINLY "HAS THE CHARM AND THE IRON CONSTITUTION THAT WILL, AT ANY RATE, ENABLE IT TO BECOME AN ANTIQUE."

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.





"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART IN WALES": THE NORMAN NAVE OF ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL, THE SCENE OF THIS MONTH'S ST. DAVID'S FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA.

In a hollow not far from the sea, on the Pembrokeshire coast, stands the little-known, little-visited, but truly beautiful and remarkable Cathedral of St. David's. Nearby stands the small village of the same name which is its city. During the days July 10-13, this Cathedral has been the scene of St. David's Festival, at which the performers alone have outnumbered the inhabitants of the city. Other views by our Artist appear on other pages, but this shows the nave, looking from the west end, towards the magnificent Rood screen of Bishop Gower (1328-1347).

The main structure of the nave is Norman, of the twelfth century, but the coffered wooden inner roof with pendentives dates from about 1509. It will be noted that the piers on the north side of the nave (left) slope outwards. This is believed to have been due to the earthquake of 1248. Each of these sloping piers is supported by an external buttress. The chief features of the Festival held here have been: two religious plays, one in Welsh, one in English, a performance of Bach's B minor Mass, a Welsh oratorio, and orchestral and vocal concerts.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





THE LONELIEST OF THE CATHEDRALS OF BRITAIN: ST. DAVID'S, IN ITS VALLEY BY THE PEMBROKESHIRE COAST, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-EAST, WITH THE RUINED BISHOP'S PALACE IN THE BACKGROUND.

St. David's Cathedral is the remotest and loneliest of the Cathedrals of Britain. No prosperous and cosy Cathedral city has grown up around it, no mediaeval churches, streets and towers surround it. By its West door stands the ruined but still lovely Bishop's Palace, unoccupied since the Civil War. On the hill to the south stands the Keep, which serves as a belfry and is a remnant of the ancient walled Close. Looking down on the Cathedral is a small village—the

City of St. David's. To many people this lonely Cathedral must principally be known as the original of "All Hallows," in the strange and chilling story of that name by Mr. Walter de la Mare. To Welsh people during July it has been the centre of St. David's Festival, with music and plays in Welsh and English, performed in the great Norman nave. It stands on the site, so tradition says, where St. David himself built his church, but nothing remains of that building. Other

churches followed, but the building we know, the Norman building of Peter de Leia, was begun in 1180. He left the Cathedral substantially as we know it as far east as the wall of the High Altar, but his tower fell almost immediately. It was rebuilt, but only to the first stage, as a high tower would have caught the eye of pirates on the nearby sea. In 1248 an earthquake did much damage, causing the north piers of the nave to cant outwards and necessitating the

addition of buttresses. In Bishop Gower's time, in the mid-fourteenth century, the second stage of the tower was added and many other beauties. Nearly a century later, the third stage of the tower was added, but in the last century this tower became very insecure, and it was only saved by the engineering skill of Sir Gilbert Scott. During this restoration also, the foundations were drained for the first time. The Cathedral is built of purplish Cambrian sandstone.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





THE BISHOP'S PALACE OF ST. DAVID'S: THE COURTYARD OF RUINS OF THE NOBLE BUILDING WHICH BISHOP GOWER BUILT ABOUT 1342, AND WHICH HAS BEEN DESERTED SINCE THE CIVIL WAR.

St. David's Cathedral, of which impressions by our Artist appear on pages 99, 100 and 101, is associated with four great men and a saint. St. David built a church on the site but, although his bones rest in the shrine in the Cathedral, nothing of his church remains. It was Peter de Leia (1176-1198), the third Norman Bishop, who created the great Norman nave, which still remains, and built the first tower, which fell while still new. Bishop Gower, who also built the Bishop's Palace, enriched the Cathedral throughout, remodelling the aisles,

inserting Decorated windows, adding the second stage to the tower, and building the lovely Rood screen. Bishop Vaughan (1508-1522) was the last great building bishop. He created the Holy Trinity Chapel, vaulted the Lady Chapel in stone, and built the third stage of the tower. Yet another great man was associated with St. David's, however, as Archbishop Laud was Bishop of St. David's from 1621 to 1626. It is of interest that H.M. the King is an honorary canon of St. David's, becoming so on his accession to the throne.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE CEREMONY: T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER WITH THEIR YOUNGER SON, PRINCE RICHARD, WHO ACTED AS A PAGE.

# ROYALTY AT A DUCAL WEDDING: THE GILMOUR- SCOTT MARRIAGE

THE marriage of Mr. Ian Hedworth Gilmour, son of Sir John Gilmour and the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, to Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, took place on July 10 at Westminster Abbey, and was attended by the Queen with Princess Elizabeth, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Patricia and Captain Alexander Ramsay, and by many other

*(Continued below on left.)*



LEAVING THE ABBEY AFTER THE CEREMONY: H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WITH THE EARL OF DALKEITH, BROTHER OF THE BRIDE.

*(Continued.)* distinguished guests. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of many layers of white tulle over a crinoline foundation. Her tulle veil was held in place by a tiara of diamonds and pearls and she wore a triple row of pearls. She was attended by eight child bridesmaids and four pages. The boys—Prince Richard of Gloucester (first cousin of the bride), Viscount Aithrie (son of the Earl of Hopetoun) and Walter and David Montagu-Douglas-Scott—wore the kilt of the Royal Stuart tartan and white-frilled shirts. Queen Mary did not come to the Abbey but attended the reception at Syon House, lent by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, brother-in-law and sister of the bride.



THE WEDDING GROUP: (BACK ROW; L. TO R.) SIR JOHN GILMOUR, THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THE BRIDEGROOM, MR. IAN H. GILMOUR, THE BRIDE, FORMERLY LADY CAROLINE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, MR. J. TREE, THE BEST MAN, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, THE HON. MRS. GILMOUR, AND THE EARL OF DALKEITH; (MIDDLE ROW) FRANCES SCOTT, PAMELA STURT, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, CHARMIAN SCOTT, ROSEMARY SCOTT AND (IN FRONT) MARY ANN PARKER-BOWLES, DAVID SCOTT, LADY CAROLINE PERCY, THE QUEEN, VISCOUNT AITHRIE, WALTER SCOTT, QUEEN MARY, JANE GREGORY-HOOD, PRINCE RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER, AND CHERRY CAIRNS.



LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER THE CEREMONY: MR. IAN HEDWORTH GILMOUR AND HIS BRIDE, LADY CAROLINE GILMOUR, FORMERLY LADY CAROLINE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, FOLLOWED BY THEIR RETINUE OF EIGHT BRIDESMAIDS AND FOUR PAGES.



CUTTING THE CAKE AT SYON HOUSE, LENT FOR THE RECEPTION BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, BROTHER-IN-LAW AND SISTER OF THE BRIDE: MR. IAN AND LADY CAROLINE GILMOUR.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS

### MEZZOTINT, ETCHING, LITHOGRAPH.

By FRANK DAVIS.



TURNING over books in a junk shop—a most unhygienic occupation, for books seem to attract the dust of ages more than most things—I came across a very grubby copy of "Highways and Byways of East Anglia," by William Dutt, which was published by Macmillans at the beginning of this century. What interested me were the illustrations: neat, clear, straightforward and giving a very clear indication of the quiet countryside of those days in pen and ink. The artist was Joseph Pennell, American-born, but equally at home on both sides of the Atlantic.

I suppose that it would be difficult at this present moment to find a more unfashionable subject than book illustrations at the turn of the century. Men of the calibre of Pennell are famous in their day, and quickly fall into oblivion after their death. Perhaps that is the penalty for being overpraised during their lifetime. Perhaps in his case his final reputation will rest, not upon his innumerable pen-and-ink drawings—scenes from Philadelphia to Venice, from the Rhône to the Thames—which the world only knows from their reproduction on a small scale, but upon his prints in three techniques, three of which—to the best of my belief a very fair sample—are reproduced here. I wish I could say something about his drawings as drawings. Possibly many readers of this page own some of them, but I fancy they rarely come into the open. Anyway, I have never seen one, and I note in passing that there are none in the British Museum collection

Pennell was born in 1860, of Quaker stock long settled in Philadelphia, and his family gloomily disapproved of his chosen profession. Consequently, while his contemporaries were learning the elements of art in Europe, he taught himself at home. One influence, not perhaps entirely to his advantage, was that of Whistler. Tastes differ, but for my part I don't feel that the Whistlerian echoes in the mezzotint of 1909, "Wren's City" (Fig. 1), are altogether happy; these nostalgic, romantic subtleties are bearable when handled by an original genius, but somehow make lesser

development—Steel Works at Pittsburgh, the Stock Yards at Chicago, The Great Chimney, Bradford, The Iron Gates at Charleroi, The Cranes at Duisburg, Schneider's Gun Factory at Creusot and many other similar subjects. In 1912 he made his way to Panama to see the Canal in course of construction, and recorded that gigantic achievement in a series of lithographs which many consider his best work. One comparison will probably have occurred to you already. As Sir Muirhead Bone is to us, so was Joseph Pennell to America.

For the information of readers to whom the technical terms mean little or nothing, a mezzotint is an engraving on a copper plate prepared by the use of a rocking tool which, as its name implies, is rocked over the surface in different directions and roughens the plate. If ink were applied to it in this condition, the plate would print a dense black all over, so with a scraper, a sort of lancet, the artist scrapes deep into those parts of the surface he wishes to be light in the print and less deep into those areas which he wishes to be less light.

An etching is made by covering a copper plate with wax, drawing the picture on the copper through the wax with a steel needle, and then immersing the plate in a bath of nitric acid. The acid will eat into the copper where the wax has been removed by the needle, but will not affect the wax.

A lithograph is a print made by drawing direct on to a very fine-grained limestone with a greasy ink. The stone is then damped, and a roller covered with greasy ink is passed over the surface. As grease and water cannot mix, clean parts of the stone do not take the ink, but absorb the water, while the design repels the water and accepts the ink. A sheet of paper is then pressed on to the stone, and there is a lithograph. The process has achieved extraordinary results in modern printing technique, with which we are not concerned here. In the hands

of a man as sensitive as Pennell, working as an individual craftsman without the aid of mechanical devices, it can be wonderfully flexible. Not many men of the first rank have practised it. One English example remains fixed in the memory: the Muirhead Bone lithograph of the bows of H.M.S. *Lion*—Beatty's flagship—as she was building, the finest evocation of the power and glory and romance of shipbuilding of our generation.



FIG. 1. "WREN'S CITY," A MEZZOTINT OF A VIEW IN LONDON, BY JOSEPH PENNELL, 1909.

Frank Davis, who discusses the art of Joseph Pennell on this page, does not feel "that the Whistlerian echoes in the mezzotint of 1909 . . . are altogether happy." In common with the other illustrations on this page, it is reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

men seem hag-ridden and whimsy-whamsy—besides, Whistler's own etchings have about them a far greater decisiveness and nervous tension. No, both the influence and the medium are a misfortune, I say—mezzotint in his hands never seems to me to be anything but woolly. I feel quite differently about his handling of lithograph (Fig. 3)—he makes admirable use of dark masses and delicate graduations of tone, and it is clear that working directly on to the stone suited his temperament. It is not for nothing that the British Museum catalogue refers to him as a lithographer *tout court*. As for his etchings, of which Fig. 2 is a worthy example, I have a theory that his reputation, like that of many other extremely competent modern engravers, suffered from the boom which afflicted this form of art in the 1920's, both in New York and London, when fresh limited editions by both good and indifferent artists were bought just as if they were share certificates by all kinds of people who scarcely looked at them, but put them away in portfolios and watched the market soar. In due course the bubble burst, as bubbles do, and we can now look at his work with less prejudiced eyes—by which I mean with both eyes on the subject and not one on the market.

Pennell possessed the great gift of being able to absorb the atmosphere of whatever city or country he honoured with his presence, and even when one disagrees with his interpretation—if, for example, the London of Fig. 1 does not appear to be my London or yours—there can be no doubt about his integrity. Toledo, Venice, French cathedrals, English lanes, Hampton Court—all were subjects for pen or etching-

needle. He was most happily married in 1884, and lived many years in London, first in Buckingham Street, Strand, and then in Adelphi Terrace, and he and his wife travelled all England and half Europe by bicycle. Much later in life (Mrs. Pennell, in a brief memoir published after his death in 1926, suggests about the year 1908) he became fascinated by the impressive forms of modern industrial



FIG. 2. "THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING," AN ETCHING BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

This etching is a worthy example of the work of Joseph Pennell in that medium. As Frank Davis points out, he "possessed the great gift of being able to absorb the atmosphere of whatever city or country he honoured with his presence. . . ."

except a series of ninety-five pencil drawings of English munition works made during 1916 and presented to H.M. Government. Presumably—and here I am merely guessing—the originals of the vast majority of his drawings are in the possession of the several publishers, both here and in the United States, for whom he worked. If I may hazard a further guess, very many people in England are owners of one or more of his etchings and lithographs and may like to be reminded of his stature.



FIG. 3. "THE TEMPLE OF OLYMPIAN ZEUS, ATHENS": A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

In his handling of lithograph Pennell has here made "admirable use of dark masses and delicate graduations of tone, and it is clear that working directly on to the stone suited his temperament."





"STRATFORD MILL ON THE STOUR, NEAR BERGHOLT," OR "THE YOUNG WALTONIANS"; BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837). THIS CELEBRATED WORK WAS PAINTED IN 1820 FOR MR. TINNEY. (50½ by 72½ ins.)



"PARTRIDGE SHOOTING NEAR SUDBURY, 1745"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1787). MR. HUMPHRY OUT SHOOTING ON HIS ESTATE NEAR SUDBURY. (33 by 45 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF GIMCRACK"; BY GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A. (1724-1806). THE FAMOUS HORSE, FOALD 1760, IS HELD BY HIS TRAINER AND BEING RUBBED DOWN. (40 by 76 ins.)



"FOX-HUNTING: FULL CRY"; BY JOHN E. FERNELEY (1781-1860). AN EXTENSIVE VIEW OVER UNDULATING COUNTRY. SIGNED AND DATED 1832. (35 by 62 ins.)

## NOTABLE ENGLISH SPORTING PAINTINGS: THE HUTCHINSON COLLECTION DISPERSED.



"BUILDING A HOUSE OF CARDS," THE CHILDREN OF THE EARL OF POMFRET; BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764). SIGNED AND DATED 1730. (24 by 29 ins.)



"A SPORTSMAN WITH POINTER"; BY BEN MARSHALL (1767-1835). THE SPORTSMAN IS SAID TO BE THE ARTIST. SIGNED AND DATED 1799. (28 by 36 ins.)



"SAM CHIFNEY ON THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S SORCERY, WINNER OF THE OAKS, 1811"; BY BEN MARSHALL (1767-1835). SIGNED AND DATED 1812. (40 by 50 ins.)

THE collection of sporting pictures made by the late Mr. Walter Hutchinson; and at one time forming the National Gallery of British Sports and Pastimes, is being dispersed by the order of Messrs. Hutchinson, and the first portion was due to come up at Christie's on July 20. The Constable landscape, which qualifies as a sporting picture on account of the four young anglers in the foreground, was painted in 1820 for Mr. Tinney and exhibited at the Royal Academy in that year. Sam Chifney, shown by Ben Marshall on the Duke of Rutland's *Sorcery*, rode her in most of her races. *Gimcrack*, after which the Gimcrack Stakes are named, was at one time owned by Lord Bolingbroke, and in his picture Stubbs depicted the jockey wearing the colours of that nobleman.



## DISPLAYED TOGETHER IN LONDON FOR STUDY AND COMPARISON: NATIONAL GALLERY AND LIECHTENSTEIN "DUPLICATE" PAINTINGS.

THE important paintings which, through the kindness of H.S.H. the ruling Prince of Liechtenstein, have been lent to the National Gallery are now on exhibition there. The National Gallery happens to possess several versions of the same subject by the same hand as some of the paintings in the Liechtenstein collection, and the Director has arranged to hang these "duplicates" together, so that they can be studied and compared at leisure, and any differences noted. As may be gauged from our photographs, these "pairs" are exceedingly similar. The "Madonna and Child" of the Liechtenstein collection, by Alessandro Botticelli, is a fine work by the great Florentine master, whereas that belonging to the National Gallery is from the studio of the painter.

(Continued opposite.)

"CHRIST ON THE CROSS": BY QUINTEN MASSYS (1466-1530), THE NATIONAL GALLERY VERSION (LEFT) AND THAT LENT FOR EXHIBITION BY H.S.H. THE RULING PRINCE OF LIECHTENSTEIN (RIGHT).



(Continued)  
but the pose is identical. There are differences in the background and slight variations in the decoration of the Blessed Virgin Mary's robes. The figure of "Christ Enthroned and Bound" by a Ferrarese artist in the National Gallery collection, closely resembles that in the Liechtenstein painting by Zoppo or some other Ferrarese artist. There are minor architectural differences, while the robe in the National Gallery picture is of a lighter shade than in the Liechtenstein version. There are, however, considerable differences in the two Quinten Massys paintings of "Christ on the Cross." It is only the figure of the Saviour which is identical in each. This manner of hanging the paintings lent from the Liechtenstein collection together with those resembling them in the National Gallery collection is extremely interesting. Later, the Director intends to hang these loan works not as a collection, but each in the appropriate section of the gallery with other works of the same school and period.

"CHRIST ENTHRONED AND BOUND": THE NATIONAL GALLERY VERSION, FERRARESE SCHOOL (LEFT), AND THE LIECHTENSTEIN COLLECTION VERSION, ATTRIBUTED TO MARCO ZOPPO (DIED AFTER 1498) (RIGHT).



"MADONNA AND CHILD": THE NATIONAL GALLERY VERSION, SCHOOL OF BOTTICELLI (LEFT), AND THE LIECHTENSTEIN VERSION, BY ALESSANDRO BOTTICELLI (1444-1510) (RIGHT), WHICH ARE HUNG FACING EACH OTHER AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



"MADONNA AND CHILD": BY MARCO BASAITI (FL. 1503-1520), THE LIECHTENSTEIN VERSION ON THE LEFT AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY PAINTING ON THE RIGHT. THE ONLY DIFFERENCES ARE IN THE BACKGROUND AND THE DECORATION OF THE VIRGIN'S CLOAK.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT is a question often asked, why a rhinoceros in a zoo should have such an apology for a horn—or horns—as compared with the photographs one sees of this same beast in the wild. Or compared with the records, for that matter, the longest rhinoceros horns known measuring 5 ft. 2½ ins. for a white rhinoceros and 5 ft. 3½ ins. for the black rhinoceros. It is not, as is sometimes suggested, that the horn is artificially removed, to make the great beast less dangerous to its keepers, though from photographs seen from time to time, taken in other zoos than here, this seems a possibility. Rather is it that the animal itself gets rid of it by rubbing it against any convenient solid object. At least, that seems to be the case, though I must confess that whenever I have seen the rhino in a zoo it seems to be just standing doing nothing, looking fairly bored, in fact.

In the wild, rhinoceroses polish their horns fairly frequently, the mud columns of anthills being favourite places for this purpose. Certainly, all the trophies one sees are beautifully polished, except at the base. There the true character of the horn can be seen. It must be common knowledge that rhino horn is not true horn, but a mass of agglutinated hair. Its polished parts look anything but this, more like highly polished wood or bone, but at the base its substance frays out into stout hairs. In addition to the highly-polished surface, most rhino horns are distinctly flattened along the leading surface. It is necessary to say most are flattened, because some carry two horns, in which case only the front member of the pair has this flattened surface.

There are five species of rhinoceros to-day. Three are in Asia and two in Africa, the latter being distinguished from the Asiatic rhinoceroses by the absence of deep folds in the skin. The largest of the Asiatic group is the Great Indian rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros unicornis*), reaching 6 ft. 4 ins. at the shoulder and 14 ft. long, with its body apparently covered with armour-plate, the tubercles which coat the skin looking like the flat heads of large nails. In spite of its bulk, it has but a single horn, up to 2 ft. long. The Sumatran rhinoceros (*R. sumatrensis*) is only 4½ ft. high, has two short horns, the longest, in front, being only 1 ft. long, and its skin is more smooth and hairy than either the Indian or the Javan rhinoceros. The latter (*R. sondaicus*) is marked with a mosaic of fine cracks in the skin, and the male only has horns, the longest known being 5½ ins. It stands 5½ ft. high. All three Asiatic species are very much in danger of extinction, being hunted particularly for the horn, for which high prices are still being paid. For some mysterious reason it is credited with unusual medicinal properties. That has little interest here, except that it leads to illegal killing, in spite of protection. The Indian rhinoceros, for example, formerly widespread, survives now only in the deep jungles of Nepal, Bengal and Assam. The Javan rhinoceros, once found over Bengal and the whole of South-Eastern Asia, including Java and Sumatra, has been almost shot out of existence. The last estimate of their numbers, in 1937, was sixty-six. The Sumatran rhinoceros, though more numerous than the Javan, is, however, everywhere decreasing.

The history of the African rhinoceroses is almost as bad. The white or square-lipped rhinoceros (*Ceratotherium simum*), as large as or slightly larger than the great Indian rhinoceros, was almost wiped out,

### RHINOCEROS HORN.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.



AFRICAN BLACK RHINOCEROS AT THE LONDON ZOO, SHOWING MERE STUMPS OF HORNS WHICH, IN THE WILD ANIMAL, HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO EXCEED 5 FT. IN LENGTH. [Photograph by Neave Parker.]



HORNS OF THE AFRICAN WHITE RHINOCEROS MOUNTED AS TROPHIES. THE LONGEST, ON THE LEFT, EXCEEDS 3 FT. IN LENGTH. IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH THE HIGH POLISH ACQUIRED BY THE HORNS IS CLEARLY SEEN, AS WELL AS THE FLATTENING OF THE LEADING SURFACE. IN THE SPECIMEN ON THE LEFT PARTICULARLY, THE BASE SHOWS THE FRAYED SUBSTANCE OF THE HORN, REVEALING THAT IT IS A MASS OF AGGLUTINATED HAIR.

Photograph by Maurice G. Sawyers. By permission of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

although a century ago it was found in large numbers on the African plains. To-day, to a protected herd of some 200 in Zululand, there has been added another colony discovered some forty years or so ago, in the Lado Enclave, and this has been able, through protection, to increase its range. The black or hook-lipped rhinoceros (*Diceros bicornis*), about the size of the Javan rhinoceros, enjoys a much wider range, and is apt at times to be something of a public nuisance.

We have now a picture of five species of heavily-built animals, armed with vicious-looking, sabre-like horns, fearsome enough, whether 6 ins. long or 5 ft. long, when backed by a fair turn of speed and up to 3 or 4 tons' weight, in the case of the larger forms. Yet they are everywhere on the decline. Of course, the introduction of firearms is the obvious answer. Even so, the position cannot be so simply explained, for there is the anomaly that they had virtually no natural enemies and, what is the more striking, apart from the aggressive black rhinoceros, all are normally inoffensive and prefer to seek cover. One is tempted

to raise the question: why the horns? It seems to be more obviously the case here, than in some other of the large animals, that the horns are used in defence and offence merely because they happen to be there. And their being there, on the snout of the rhinoceros, is just one of those natural accidents. It is, in other words, far from the case that a rhinoceros has a horn (or two horns) in order to defend itself, as is so often said. In any case, the female Javan rhino has no horns at all. One begins to wonder, therefore, whether this fearsome, sabre-like weapon—which can, indeed, be used as a weapon—is not primarily an accidental ornament.

It looks very much as if an animal, like a human being, fights with the nearest thing to hand. If it has horns it uses them. If not, it uses tusks. If it has neither horns nor tusks, it uses its hoofs, or its claws, or, in giraffes, the neck. Some even have horns or antlers, and yet fight with their feet.

What, then, of the habit of polishing it, even to the point of wearing it flat in front? It is by no means unreasonable to suggest, and there are other instances among the hoofed mammals to support this view, that there is something pleasurable to the animal in the habit. Although it is "dead" hair, the horn is clearly not without some feeling. For example, when travelling through the forest, the mother rhino is said to keep her horn on the offspring's back to guide it. The unanimity in their pace, and in the direction they take, shows the horn to be clearly a means of communication, however slight.

A zoo rhinoceros must be bored, and rubbing its horn would be something to do, so to speak; one of the few pleasurable occupations left to it. We might perhaps liken it to the human habit of twiddling the thumbs when there is nothing more useful to do. Or it may be the equivalent of tearing the hair in frustration. It may even be that in confinement the animal lacks some essential, perhaps a psychological or even dietetic factor, which manifests itself in this particular pastime. Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that a rhinoceros in captivity voluntarily sacrifices its matted tresses.

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# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: ROYALTY AND PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD AT BISLEY ON JULY 12, "SCHOOLS DAY," WITH A TOTAL SCORE OF 511 OUT OF 560: ALLHALLOWS SCHOOL TEAM.

Teams from 79 schools competed at Bisley for the Ashburton Shield, which was won by Allhallows with a total score of 511 out of 560. St. Paul's were one point behind and Marlborough third with 508. The prizes were distributed by General Sir Ouvry L. Roberts, G.O.C.-in-C., Southern Command. Allhallows School is an ancient foundation believed to have been founded early in the sixteenth century. It was situated in Honiton until 1938, when it moved to Rousden, near Lyme Regis.



THE ROYAL FAMILY OF LUXEMBURG: THE FIRST GROUP TAKEN SINCE 1945 OF THE GRAND DUCHESS CHARLOTTE, PRINCE FÉLIX AND THEIR CHILDREN.

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is a constitutional monarchy, the hereditary sovereignty being in the Nassau family. It is a party to the Benelux Customs Union, which came into force on January 1, 1948. Our group of the Royal family shows (l. to r.) Prince Jean, the heir-apparent, born 1921, the Grand Duchess Charlotte, her consort, Prince Félix of Bourbon-Parma, and Princess Elizabeth, and (standing, l. and r.) Princess Marie-Gabrielle and Princess Adelaide.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH OPENS THE CHIGWELL YOUTH CENTRE: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH MR. CHURCHILL. Princess Elizabeth on July 12 opened the Grange Farm Centre, Chigwell, a fine open-air camping and recreational centre for the young people of East London, covering 170 acres. Our photograph shows Mr. Churchill, the Member for Woodford, who moved a vote of thanks to her Royal Highness, with her on the platform.



U.N. LEADERS CONCERNED WITH THE KOREA TRUCE TALKS: GEN. RIDGWAY (L.) AND VICE-ADMIRAL C. TURNER JOY. General Ridgway, United Nations Supreme Commander, Far East, is here shown with Vice-Admiral C. Turner Joy, the United States Far East Navy Commander, and leader of the five United Nations delegates for truce talks with the Communists at Kaesong, aspects of which are illustrated elsewhere in this issue.



LIEUT.-COL. K. O. N. FOSTER.



LIEUT.-COL. J. P. CARNE.

Awards of the D.S.O.—one posthumous—for gallantry in Korea were announced on July 13. Lieut.-Colonel K. O. N. Foster, The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, whose death in action was announced on May 1, had previously been recommended for the award for his handling of the Battalion during an action north of Seoul in January. Lieut.-Colonel Carne, commanding officer of the 1st Bn. The Gloucester Regiment (taken prisoner after the stand on the Imjin) receives the award in respect of an action in February.



MR. WILLIAM N. OATIS.

Associated Press correspondent in Prague, Mr. W. N. Oatis, an American citizen, was accused of espionage, answered "Yes" to the charge, and was on July 4 sentenced by a People's Court in Prague to ten years' imprisonment. Three Czechoslovaks, his co-accused and former employees, received considerably heavier sentences.



VISITING THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN AS A GOVERNMENT GUEST: CHIEF G. C. TUISAWAU, O.B.E., OF FIJI.

Ninety visitors from British Colonial territories who are attending the Festival of Britain as guests of the Government were welcomed by the Prime Minister at a meeting at Church House, Westminster, on July 10. They included Chief G. C. Tuisawau of Fiji, who wears a kilt in a pin-stripe material.



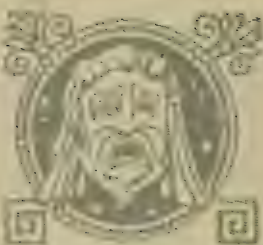
A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN CHOIR NOW VISITING EUROPE: THE BOYS' CHOIR FROM ST. JOSEPH'S UNIVERSITY, NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Canadian Boys' Choir from St. Joseph's University, New Brunswick, has had considerable success in this country and is to give concerts in France, Belgium, Switzerland and possibly Holland. On July 9 Lord Beaverbrook entertained them at a dinner, when, led by Father Leandre Brault, they gave a selection of folk songs, and ended with Palestrina and plain song.

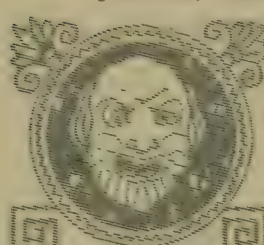


THE WAR WITH GERMANY OFFICIALLY ENDED: THE U.K. DEPUTY HIGH COMMISSIONER HANDING THE ANNOUNCEMENT TO PROFESSOR HALLSTEIN. Official notification that the state of war between Great Britain and Germany had ended, was made in Bonn on July 9 when a note to that effect was handed to Professor Hallstein, West German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, by Mr. J. G. Ward, the United Kingdom Deputy High Commissioner. This has been welcomed by the Federal Government as a decisive step on Germany's road to join the community of free peoples.





## The World of the Theatre.



### RAISING A STORM.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHEN, as a child, I first saw "The Tempest" in a touring production by the late Sir Philip Ben Greet, the shipwrecked vessel was suggested by a single dim lantern high on a tottering, plunging mast. This, a wind-machine, and the voices of mariners and noblemen served to raise the tempest. At least we could believe in the storm, and we were not tempted to laugh when, before Prospero's cell, Miranda cried: "If by your art, my dearest father, you've put the wild waters in this roar, allay them."

Shakespeare was fond of storms: the wind-on-the-heath in "Lear"; the shipboard scene that opens the third act of "Pericles"; the night of the portents in "Julius Caesar"; the introduction to Cyprus in "Othello" ("The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds"); the foul weather of "Macbeth"; the "present blusters" on the sea-coast of Bohemia in "The Winter's Tale." But he never gave more trouble to modern producers than with Prospero's magical tempest at sea. The simplest way of presenting it is, I suppose, the best, though I must always remember, over anything else, how Bridges-Adams—at Stratford in 1934—summoned a magnificent galleon in the trough of the waves: perhaps the finest scenic device in the record of the Memorial Theatre. The important thing is that a storm must be raised, that we must be conscious of the tempest, of the "wild waters" in their fury. We are by no means conscious of this in the brightly-lit opening of the new Stratford production, with its swishing waves composed of "nymphs o' the sea," and a treatment almost balletic. Michael Benthall's production, designed as a masque, gathers swiftly in effect, and we do taste the qualities of Prospero's isle: it is this first scene that lacks for me any glint of excitement. As I sat at the "direful spectacle of the wreck," I could not help thinking back longingly to the Bridges-Adams galleon, and to the bobbing lantern on a pole ten years before that.

On the very next night I met the right kind of storm in the London revival of "The Winter's Tale" at the Phoenix. Here, when the Sicilian ship has touched upon the deserts of Bohemia, a mariner tells Antigonus that "'tis like to be loud weather." And it is loud weather truly. This wild moaning-and-singing of the winds is what we had needed on Prospero's isle. The producer (Peter Brook) and his designer (Sophie Fedorovitch), by the simplest of

see the play set among the comedies. Leontes is a savage part for an actor. He has no time to build up the character. Almost as soon as he appears on the stage he is required to strike twelve, and thenceforward he is in a gale of jealous rage: a gale that blows itself out, all passion spent, in a moment of remorse when the King believes that Hermione and Mamilius have gone, and that he has despatched his babe to death. After this he is off the stage for an hour: we begin another play. John Gielgud establishes



ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S MOST DIFFICULT PLAYS EXCITINGLY RE-CREATED AT THE PHOENIX THEATRE: MOPSA (CHARLOTTE MITCHELL), AUTOLYCUS (GEORGE ROSE) AND DORCAS (JOY RODGERS) SINGING "WHITHER" IN THE SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE, BOHEMIA, IN "THE WINTER'S TALE."

Leontes immediately; no other actor in my recollection has turned this gnarled verse to music, and Gielgud manages to touch us deeply as the tyrant in repentance. At the close there is grave beauty in reconciliation. We are ready to sympathise with any Leontes who has had to endure sixteen years of Paulina's railing. "The great comfort that I have had of thee!" says the King in one of the most implausible lines in Shakespeare.

This production is conceived with a dignity that will surprise those who have tried unwisely to pin labels to Peter Brook. Throughout, Shakespeare speaks unblurred, and the producer gets his head only

in the "whoobub" of that imaginative storm and in the blizzard through which Time appears to lead us to the pastorals of Bohemia. With Diana Wynyard as the incarnation of goodness that is Hermione; Flora Robson as Paulina; George Rose as Autolycus (the music for his songs is, remarkably, by Christopher Fry) and Sir Lewis Casson as the Great Bear's victim, the piece is splendidly expressed. In future the revival may mean for me, beyond its other pleasures, Gielgud's speaking of the lines in remembrance of his Queen:

Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coils!

It is seldom that one can see within a few days the three romances of Shakespeare's last period: in each of them a storm—of the mind or the elements—blows itself out, and after the tempest comes calm and forgiveness, charity and wisdom after torment. I saw "Cymbeline" done in the open air, in the Great Quadrangle of All Souls College, Oxford: not the best choice for this play. The production had little shape: the performance by University amateurs missed the flash of high-romantic make-believe. Happily, there was a good Imogen. Margaret Butt, of St. Hilda's, acted with a golden simplicity, and for her sake we could forgive the thinly-spoken Iachimo, the over-mouthed Cloten, and a desperate resolve by the First Goller to present a ripe and crusted character-part, an ancestor of Churdes Ash. Imogen is the glory of "Cymbeline"—as Quiller-Couch has said, "she has all the wrongs of Desdemona, plus the serene courage to conquer them and forgive"—and the Oxford Imogen was always faithful to her charge.

"The Tempest" was Quiller-Couch's favourite play. I do not think he would have been disappointed in the Stratford revival. He would have heard Prospero's verse spoken impressively by Michael Redgrave, no droning Santa Claus; he would have admired the beauty of the inner masque, with Juno on high, and certainly he would have noted Alan Badel's Ariel, the best since Leslie French. It is so easy to ruin Ariel. Kipling's Puck was wrathful about "little buzzflies with butterfly wings and gauze petticoats," and Ariel can wane drearily to gauze-and-flutter. None of this trouble at Stratford: Alan Badel is a spirit of another element, a spirit of light, rapt in countenance, noble in form. Hugh Griffith, a most ancient and fish-like Caliban, marks the monster's response to the sounds and sweet airs of the isle: we gather also, from a speech of Prospero, that Caliban's mother, Sycorax, was "blear-eyed", not "blue-eyed," as we have been told for so long.



"A FULL GALE AT OVERBURY TOWERS": (L. TO R.) HILARY JESSON (GODFREY TEARLE), LADY RIDGELEY (WYNNE CLARK), SIR DANIEL RIDGELEY (GEORGE MERRITT), MAJOR MAUREWARDE (JACK LAMBERT), PRYCE RIDGELEY (BRIAN OULTON) AND GERALDINE RIDGELEY (JOAN HAYTHORNE) IN "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

means, have turned the stage of the Phoenix Theatre to a desolate coast, as eerie a setting as I have known on the stage. Usually we have to avert our eyes when an actor in a bearskin shambles on to hustle Antigonus towards the wings. Now, for once, I had no desire to laugh while Antigonus, crying "This is the chase; I am gone for ever," fled terrified along the angry shore. It was the first time I had ever found that grim direction, "Exit, pursued by a bear," properly realised.

For that matter, it was the first time I had been really moved by another storm, the storm in the mind of Leontes of Sicilia that makes the opening of "The Winter's Tale" so bewildering to people who



THE REVIVAL OF ONE OF PINERO'S MASTERPIECES: HILARY JESSON (GODFREY TEARLE) GIVING WISE COUNSEL TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, NINA (MARY KERRIDGE), IN "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

#### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE TEMPEST" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—The season's one change from the Histories. Michael Benthall's production as a masque, with the designs of Loudon Sainthill, begins with some oddity and ends in a flare of candle-light and a serene daybreak. Michael Redgrave (Prospero) and Alan Badel (Ariel) preserve the magic of the isle. (July 26.)  
 "THE WINTER'S TALE" (Phoenix).—John Gielgud transforms Leontes; and Diana Wynyard, Flora Robson and Peter Brook (the producer) re-create excitingly one of Shakespeare's most difficult plays. (June 27.)  
 "PENNY PLAIN" (St. Martin's).—Rose Hill is a prima donna stone-tone-deaf, Joyce Grenfell is confiding about an earth cult, the Searle-girls of St. Trinian's appear in their habits as they lived (and died). There are so many other amusing numbers in this intimate revue, directed by Laurie Lister, that it will be a pity if half-a-dozen feeble scenes are not quickly trimmed or cut. (June 28.)  
 "RED SKELTON AND VARIETY" (Palladium).—Red Skelton's genial, slap-it-over comedy amuses for half an hour, but he could shorten his turn by twenty minutes. (July 2.)  
 "SEX AND SERAPHIM" (Watergate).—A self-conscious fantasy with a last act in Heaven that atones for earlier embarrassments. (July 3.)  
 "CYMBELINE" (Oxford).—One distinguished performance, the Imogen, in an otherwise uninspired amateur rendering of this mixture of Ancient Britain and the Renaissance in the Great Quadrangle of All Souls. (July 3.)  
 "THE PASSING DAY" (Ambassadors).—Joseph Tomelty, of Ulster, brings to the West End his portrait of George Shiels's miser, oddly likeable, in spite of everything. (July 3.)  
 "ROSE MARIE ON ICE" (Harringay Arena).—Last year's production; Barbara Ann Scott and much spectacular manoeuvring on skates. (July 5.)  
 "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER" (New).—One of Pinero's masterpieces, with a performance by Godfrey Tearle in the correct tradition. (July 6.)

It is a very long way from the island, from the Snow-White-cum-Holinshead of "Cymbeline," and from the sea-coast of Bohemia, to Overbury Towers, "Mr. Filmer Jesson's country-house on the outskirts of a town in the Midlands." I hope to return later to the production of Pinero's "His House in Order" (New Theatre), but let me say now that it should be seen by all who care for craftsmanship. These will appreciate Godfrey Tearle's flexible treatment of the speeches for Hilary Jesson—Alexander's old part—that, however difficult they appear in the text, develop a sharp urgency in the theatre. We have been talking about storms. There is a full gale at Overbury Towers, though we must find a "tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning" in the words only, and not in the calm, fresh spring day.





THE GLORIES OF LONDON'S ROYAL OPERA HOUSE REVIVED FOR THE GALA PREMIÈRE OF THE NEW BALLET "TIRESIAS" ON JULY 10: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH ENTERING THE ROYAL BOX, WHILE THE AUDIENCE, NEARLY ALL WEARING EVENING DRESS, GREET THEM ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

COVENT GARDEN recaptured much of its former glory on July 10, when her Majesty the Queen and Princess Elizabeth attended the gala *première* of "Tiresias," second of the ballets commissioned by the Arts Council. It is characteristic of what has been called the "Ballet Era in Theatre History" that this splendid evening was for a ballet performance, not an opera. "Tiresias," to music by Constant Lambert, [Continued opposite.

Continued.] with choreography by Frederick Ashton and *décor* by Isabel Lambert, presents the classical story of Tiresias, his change of sex, and his unlucky interview with Zeus and Hera, which results in the latter striking him with blindness—a disaster which Zeus minimises by granting him the gift of prophecy. Miss Margot Fonteyn and Mr. Michael Somes dance the dual title-rôle. Photographs of the ballet by Roger Wood.



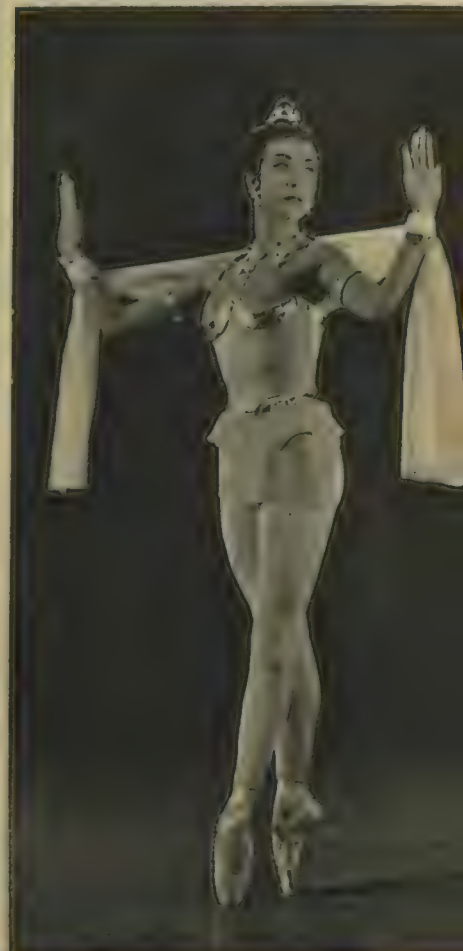
TIRESIAS IN HIS MALE FORM: MR. MICHAEL SOMES IN THE DUAL TITLE-RÔLE OF CONSTANT LAMBERT'S NEW BALLET.



THE SCENE IN THE GYMNASIUM: THE MALE TIRESIAS (MICHAEL SOMES), SURROUNDED BY WARRIORS AND PRIESTESSES, ABOUT TO RECEIVE THE WAND FROM THE NEOPHYTE (MARGARET DALE).



THE CLOSING SCENE: TIRESIAS (MICHAEL SOMES), BLINDED BY HERA, WHOM HE HAS ANGERED, TAPS HIS WAY OFF THE STAGE. IN COMPENSATION FOR HIS LOSS OF SIGHT ZEUS GIVES THE UNHAPPY TIRESIAS THE GIFT OF PROPHECY.



TIRESIAS IN HIS FEMALE FORM: MISS MARGOT FONTEYN IN THE DUAL TITLE-RÔLE OF CONSTANT LAMBERT'S NEW BALLET.

THE GLORIES OF COVENT GARDEN REVIVED FOR BALLET: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE GALA PREMIÈRE OF "TIRESIAS."



THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE: NEWS EVENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINEST ROMAN MOSAIC PAVEMENTS: THE WOODCHESTER (GLOS.) PAVEMENT WHICH WAS RECENTLY OPENED TO PUBLIC INSPECTION.

Dr. C. S. Woodward, the Bishop of Gloucester, on July 10 opened to the public the Roman mosaic pavement at Woodchester (Glos.). The pavement, which is 50 ft. square, was probably the entrance to a villa and is said to be of the early second century. It will remain open until August 18.



AN OPERATIONS MAP OF LONDON, WHICH HAS BEEN CREATED TO ASSIST IN THE PLANNING OF THE ATOMIC CIVIL DEFENCE OF THE METROPOLIS, AT KENSINGTON.

This large-scale floor map of Central London is here being examined in the Kensington Civil Defence headquarters by prominent services and other representatives. It could serve as an operations map in the event of an atomic-bomb raid on London. The models are not to scale, as the bus standing by the Round Pond reveals.



AFTER A TRAGIC ACCIDENT ON THE EMETT RAILWAY, IN THE BATTERSEA GARDENS, IN WHICH ONE WOMAN LOST HER LIFE: THE DERAILED ENGINE *WILD GOOSE*.

On July 11 two of the locomotives of the fantastic Emett railway, in the Battersea Pleasure Gardens, met in a head-on collision. Both were derailed, *Nellie* remaining upright, *Wild Goose* being thrown over. One of the passengers, Mrs. Mavis Roberts, died in hospital as the result of her injuries and thirteen others were injured, three needing hospital treatment. The trains rarely travel faster than 7 or 8 m.p.h.



DRIVING A LOCOMOTIVE THROUGH THE HEART OF CENTRAL LONDON: AN OLD CHRYSLER CAR, CONVERTED INTO THE SEMBLANCE OF A RAILWAY ENGINE BEARING AN ADVOCAT BOTTLE, WHICH A DUTCH STUDENT IS DRIVING ROUND BRITAIN.



BERLIN REGAINS A CIVIL AIRPORT: GENERAL MATHEWSON SPEAKING AT THE CEREMONY IN WHICH THE U.S. AIR FORCE RETURNED HALF OF TEMPELHOF AIRPORT TO BERLIN.



A MEMORIAL TO THE BERLIN AIR-LIFT: A GERMAN THANK-OFFERING OUTSIDE TEMPELHOF TO THOSE WHO DIED IN MAINTAINING BERLIN'S SUPPLIES BY AIR.

On July 9 and 10 two important ceremonies took place at Berlin's Tempelhof Airport. On the former, the U.S. Air Force returned half the airfield to German civil administration; and on the latter, Professor Reuter, the Burgomaster, unveiled a German memorial to the 39 British and 31 U.S. airmen and 5 German workers who perished in maintaining the air-lift of 1948-49.





ALICE MEETS THE ANIMATED DOOR-KNOB: A WALT DISNEY ADDITION TO LEWIS CARROLL'S FAMOUS NURSERY CLASSIC.



THE POOL OF TEARS: ALICE, MUCH REDUCED IN SIZE, FLOATS IN THE BOTTLE ON THE SALTY WATER.



TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE, DISNEY HAS DRAWN ON "WONDERLAND" AND "THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS."



"NOW IF YOU'RE READY, OYSTERS DEAR": THE WALRUS AND HIS UNSUSPECTING GUESTS.



"...BUT ANSWER CAME THERE NONE": THE CARPENTER DISCOVERS THE FATE OF THE OYSTERS—EATEN, EVERY ONE.



A TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT: ALICE, HAVING ENTERED THE WHITE RABBIT'S HOUSE, GROWS TOO LARGE FOR IT.



IN HIS OFFICIAL CHARACTER IN THE COURT OF JUSTICE: THE WHITE RABBIT, WHO LED ALICE INTO WONDERLAND.



ON HIS WAY TO ATTEMPT TO GET THE OVERGROWN ALICE OUT OF THE WHITE RABBIT'S HOUSE: BILL THE LIZARD.



ALICE MEETS THE LOOKING-GLASS INSECTS: SHE IS STARING AT THE BREAD-AND-BUTTER-FLIES AND THE HOME LOAF.



FLASHING HIS GRIN AT THE ASTONISHED ALICE: THE CHESHIRE CAT PERCHED UP THE BRANCH OF A TREE.



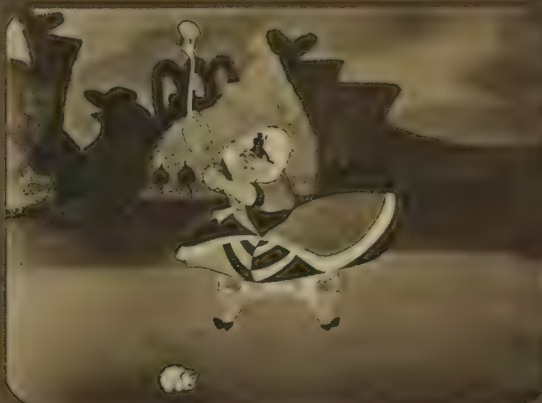
"WHAT SIZE DO YOU WANT TO BE?": ALICE RECEIVES SOUND INFORMATION FROM THE CATERPILLAR WITH THE HOOKAH.



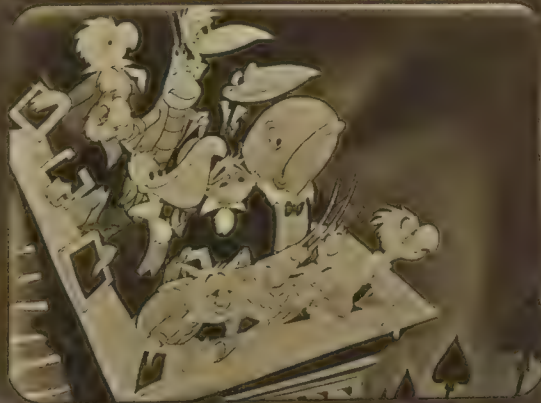
THE MAD HATTER'S TEA-PARTY: HE AND THE MARCH HARE PUT THE DORMOUSE INTO THE TEAPOT.



THE QUEEN'S CROQUET PARTY: ALICE HAS TROUBLE WITH HER FLAMINGO Mallet AND HEDGEHOG BALL



THE QUEEN'S CROQUET PARTY: HER MAJESTY ABOUT TO HIT THE HEDGEHOG BALL WITH THE FLAMINGO Mallet



THE JURORS AT THE TRIAL OF THE KNAVE OF HEARTS: THEY CONSIST OF A BOX FULL OF ASSORTED CREATURES.

### "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" ANIMATED BY DISNEY: AN ALL-CARTOON WONDER-FILM BASED ON LEWIS CARROLL.

Walt Disney's animated version of "Alice in Wonderland," with certain characters and episodes introduced from "Alice Through the Looking Glass" and a few interpolations, is due for its world *première* on July 26 at the Leicester Square Theatre. In translating Alice and her circle to the screen, Walt Disney admits that he has virtually re-created them in the very process of adapting them to the animation medium, but he has been inspired by the

famous Tenniel drawings, and it is claimed that to watch the Lewis Carroll company in motion is to see familiar creatures in a new light. The picture, distributed by R.K.O. Radio, is in Technicolor, starring the voices of Ed Wynne as the Mad Hatter, Richard Haydn as the Caterpillar, Sterling Holloway as the Cheshire Cat, Jerry Colonna as the March Hare, and Kathryn Beaumont, a twelve-year-old English girl, as Alice.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT is not always possible to judge what people will like, or rather what they won't like. Some novels have the mark of the best-seller, quite unmistakably; on the other hand, I have occasionally met with a best-seller which seemed to me not only poor, but dull—at all levels, and from every angle. So one can't prophesy. Nor would I suggest that "Round the Bend," by Nevil Shute (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is dull work. But still, if it repeats his recent triumph, I shall be surprised.

"A Town Like Alice" was a brilliant specimen of journalistic fiction—information seasoned with story; it made one feel the writer had a genius for popularity. The opening pages of this novel have the same effect. From boyhood the narrator has been aircraft-mad. He is a "plain man," with great nobility of soul in a hard-headed, no-nonsense way—something, in fact, like a male version of the "Alice" heroine. During the war, and on the eve of being transferred to Egypt, he steals a day or two from aircraft-maintenance to marry his girl, whom he might never have selected if his aircraft mania had left him time to look round. And, while he is away she comes to grief. Tom, though conventionally blameless, is profoundly stricken, and can't bear to resume his job. Instead, he buys a small, old aeroplane for charter work, and takes it out to Bahrain: partly because the prospects there are good, and partly because life will be so very strenuous and uncomfortable.

This opening goes down with the familiar ease, and things look bright, not merely for the charter trade, but all in all. What between aircraft and the gorgeous East, we have a lot to learn, and colourful, romantic stuff at that. And still the author has his trump card, the highly fashionable card of an inspired Sage. Indeed, the "ministry" of Connie Shaklin is the real subject. Connie is half Russian and half Chinese; he was a friend of Tom's in boyhood, and they meet again in Sumatra. By that time Connie has evolved his gospel, specially for aircraft mechanics. He never sets up as divine; in youth his sole ambition was to be "an absolutely first-class ground engineer," and possibly "teach others to be first-class chaps." But he has since discovered that the perfect engineer must be a perfect and devout character. And soon, on all the airfields of the East he is being worshipped as the new Messiah.

And that, considering his "message" as relayed to us, is rather too much. Moreover, it is somewhat tedious. The author's native readability is there to help, but can't quite save it. Also, it must be owned that the abundant flying "shop" could have more sparkle. "We refuelled at Calcutta next day and slept at Rangoon, and on the third day we got to Diento, after stops at Singapore for fuel and Palembang for Customs. On the fourth day we stopped for fuel at Sourabaya and went on down the island chain of Indonesia. . . ." There is a great deal of this.

"Foxfire," by Anya Seton (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is also fiction with a factual interest—but here the usual interest of romance, mere local colour for the story itself. In short, the tale is one of a large class, but more appealing than the average. Amanda's father was among the casualties of 1929, and left his wife and daughter hard up. By then Amanda had acquired the tastes and habits of a rich girl. There are still wealthy men about, and she could marry one. But she insists on Dart, a quarter-Indian from Arizona with a job in a mine.

In theory Amanda knew what to expect of Lodestone, but she hadn't grasped it. The reality of life in a mining camp, in such remoteness on so little money, was beyond her compass. Dart, half uncomprehending, half on principle, leaves her to sink or swim. She is alone all day, and nobody is nice to her; and she is frightened by the savage landscape, which is Dart's home ground. And so she starts resenting his absorption in the mine, his Indian blood, even the masculinity and self-dependence which had first attracted her. Dart, meanwhile, writes her off as a spoilt child, and everything goes wrong.

Then she becomes obsessed with the "Enchanted City" in the hidden canyon, with the wall of pure gold. This is a legendary stronghold of the "Ancient Ones," and Dart has heard about it from his Indian grandfather. He even has a kind of map. But since the place is holy and tabu, he won't discuss it, until all else fails. Then they set out upon the quest—and everything comes right. An admirable story of its kind.

"The Oyster and the Torpedo," by R. P. Lister (Cape; 10s. 6d.), is laid in wildest Essex, and is all nonsense; untrammelled, often witty nonsense. Candleman, the narrator, is recruited by his friend Eaglestone as second fiddle on a job at Oyster House. It is the essence of this job that neither Eaglestone nor his employer knows a thing about it. For Eaglestone is an exponent of Preventive Detection; you diagnose what crimes are going to be committed, and by whom, and then you change the circumstances. And then, of course, you have no means of proving that detection has taken place. So it is not, financially, a good idea. But it is what Lady Bludgeon earnestly though vaguely requires.

The situation proves to be that she is clinging to her oyster-beds, against all sense, and in the teeth of the torpedo-factory. Already the torpedoes have disturbed the oysters, and the breed is failing. But still, the beds are there, and they are needed as a trial-ground. Crime soon eventuates, with great abandon but complete harmlessness. I won't say that the story quite comes off, but it is very taking and intelligent, and very funny at moments.

"The House Over the Tunnel," by J. Jefferson Farjeon (Collins; 8s. 6d.), has the appeal of atmosphere. Bruce has been ordered up to Blackpool for a rest, but, on a sudden opportunity and impulse, leaves the train at Belmor. Asking about rooms, he is directed somewhat grudgingly to Fomalhaut—the house above the tunnel—where he finds the child-girl Alcyone. Bruce feels he has been "sent" to help her. The tale is mostly occupied with narratives by this or that witness, often too timely to be true, and there is little present action. But the vein is agreeable.

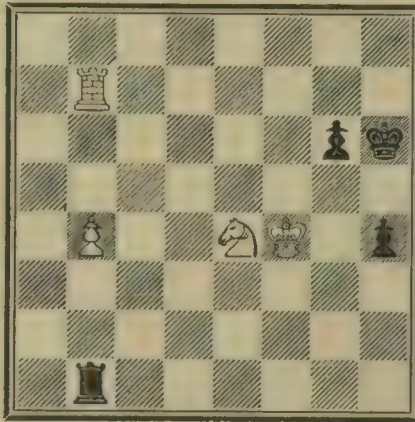
## CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HOW politicians overwork our word "stalemate"—in a sense that disappeared from chess itself centuries ago! "A stalemate has come about!" . . . they don't mean the game is over, a draw. They mean the situation is quiescent, though as likely as not to burst into movement; a hark-back to the transitory period when a stalemated person merely forewent his right to move until he legally could move again.

Stalemate remains a live issue in chess. In the Western European zonal tournament recently, it decided two games by the same player within a few days.

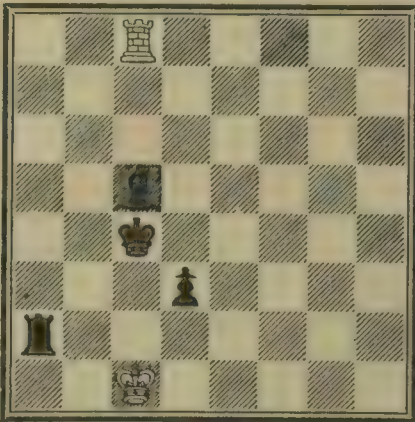
PAOLI (ITALY), BLACK.



GROB (SWITZERLAND), WHITE.

Here Grob went 1. Kt-Kt5 and replied to 1. . . R-KB8ch with 2. K-Kt4? R-KKt8ch; 3. KxP, planning to answer 3. . . R-KR8ch with 4. Kt-R6. But he received a nasty shock instead: 3. . . R-Kt5ch! and the game is drawn, for 4. KxR stalemates, whilst 4. K-R6 loses the knight. 3. . . RxK; 4. R-R7ch, KxR; 5. KxR would lose for Black.

AITKEN (SCOTLAND), BLACK.



GROB (SWITZERLAND), WHITE.

Here Grob was the lucky one. With an easy win, Aitken played 1. . . P-Q7ch; 2. K-Q1, K-Q6? allowing 3. R-QR8!, R-Kt7; 4. R-QKt8, R-QR7; 5. R-QR8, R-B7; 6. R-Q8ch, K-B6; 7. R-Q3ch! and a draw was agreed. To take the rook at any of these opportunities would have given stalemate, and 7. . . K-B7 now would allow the draw by 8. RxP.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## EMINENT VICTORIANS.

IF it is possible (which is perhaps doubtful) to generalise about an age, then one could describe Sir Henry Thompson, the great surgeon, as a typical Victorian. He came of Dissenter stock—his description of the Calvinist Sunday of his youth will seem almost incredible to young people of to-day, and only a little less so to those who remember the Victorian Sunday. He read, he wrote, he studied his classics and his Hebrew at an age which to the modern educationist would seem incredible. He was not able to adopt the profession of his choice until twenty-nine, because of parental opposition. He was intensely hard-working (though, once he attained

fame, he insisted on having at least three months' holiday a year), possessed tremendous confidence in his own opinion, was versatile, and believed in the inevitability of progress under the British flag. Dr. Zachary Cope's life, "The Versatile Victorian" (Harvey and Blythe; 12s. 6d.), is a fascinating study of this remarkable man. Thompson's reputation was originally made by the successful operation for a stone in the bladder which he performed on King Leopold of the Belgians, "the Uncle of Europe." King Leopold, whom he went to see at the Castle of Laeken, had been much manhandled by other surgeons. So much so that it was impossible for him to sleep in a bed, getting such rest as he could supported by upright mattresses with a napkin around his forehead against which he could lean his head. Thompson, who had studied under the great Civiale in Paris, successfully performed the operation of lithotripsy, crushed the stone and accomplished for the King what appeared to be a miraculous cure. Thompson received a fee of £3000 for this. (He was much annoyed with *The Times* for only having mentioned his fee and not the success of his operation.) It is curious to reflect that the reason why the operation was such a success was that Thompson had had new instruments specially made for the operation. As he wrote afterwards "the antiseptic treatment and its value through the use of sterilised instruments had not at that date been discovered. One reason why Civiale's operations were always followed by fever while mine never were, was doubtless due to my having employed new instruments never before used, in order to meet a peculiarity I had observed in the diagrams at first sent me. Hence, unwittingly, the new instruments were absolutely free from any trace of bacterial taint from previous use on other patients."

But Thompson was not merely a great surgeon. He was a novelist of some distinction. He was an excellent cook, travelling throughout Europe to discover dishes to delight the palates of those who attended his famous "Octaves"—dinners for eight men consisting of eight courses which he held at fairly regular intervals and to which it was the ambition of distinguished Victorians to be invited. The list of the eminent Victorians who attended the "Octaves" seems to embrace anybody "who was anybody." I doubt, however, whether a typical menu such as that of the 300th "Octave" in 1904, attended by King Edward VII., could be tackled by any British austerity stomach to-day. It was as follows: oysters, clear soup, salmon, saddle of roe-deer, *petites timbales de volaille aux truffes*, braised ham, asparagus, roast woodcock, *baba au rhum* and caviar! In addition, Thompson was an artist, a collector of fine porcelain, a social reformer, a campaigner for national hygiene and cremation, a friend of the Royal Family, and a pioneer motorist who inveighed indignantly against the 12-mile speed limit, stating in public that "on good roads I have always travelled 15 or 16 miles an hour—and sometimes a little faster." The old gentleman died at the age of eighty-three, full of years and honours, a great man among the many great men of an age which cast its heroic figures from a distinctly larger mould than that of their puny successors of to-day.

Perhaps it is due to a reaction from the puniness of our age, a reaction to the insults to which this once great nation has apparently to submit from "the lesser breeds without the law" whom the Victorians would most properly have despised—but there is no doubt that the Victorians are coming back into favour again. In this Festival Year a book, particularly so charming a book as "Victorian Jewellery," by Margaret Flower (Cassell; 42s.), is sure to enjoy a considerable popularity and give further stimulus to a vogue which is already in being. Those of my between-the-wars generation were brought up to believe that Victorianism and ugliness were synonymous, and there is no doubt that the blighting effect of the Industrial Revolution was nowhere more severely felt than in the Arts. Miss Margaret Flower's book, which is copiously illustrated, both by drawings, illustrations from contemporary magazines and by photographs, many of them coloured, will confirm the view that a great deal of Victorian jewellery was ornate trash. It will, however, also introduce to the wonderment and surprise of many readers some lovely pieces of a delicacy and refinement of taste which the average individual of my generation would never have suspected. Mrs. Doris Langley-Moore contributes a chapter on collecting jewellery which should send ladies who read it rummaging through grandmother's and great-grandmother's jewel boxes, if the contents have not already been dispersed.

Admiral Sir William James—the "Bubbles," as he must be sick and tired of being reminded, of Millais's famous picture—is a link with the Victorian age in that when he first entered the Navy it was a distinctly H.M.S. *Pinafore* affair, and changing over only slowly from sail to steam. He saw the creation of the modern battle-fleet and must be not a little distressed to see the relegation of the greatest Navy in the world to a rather poor second place. This is a genial, attractive, breezy and highly personal account of life in the Navy, with plenty of the lighter side of naval life to enliven the pages of "The Sky Was Always Blue" (Methuen; 21s.).

The Victorian Age was pre-eminently an age of scientific speculation. During it, the Austrian scientist Hans Hoyerbiger, who was born in 1860, produced his cosmogenic theory. Based on this, Mr. H. F. Bellamy has produced "A Life History of Our Earth" (Faber; 16s.). I am not scientist enough to criticise his theories. All I can say is that I found it intensely interesting, and I feel sure the general reader will too.

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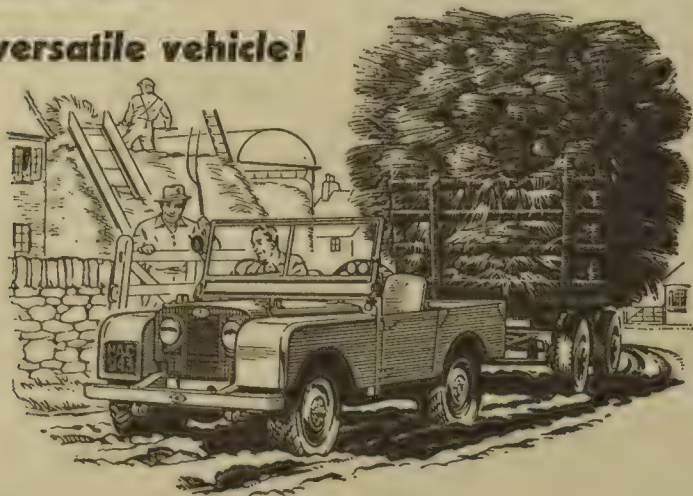
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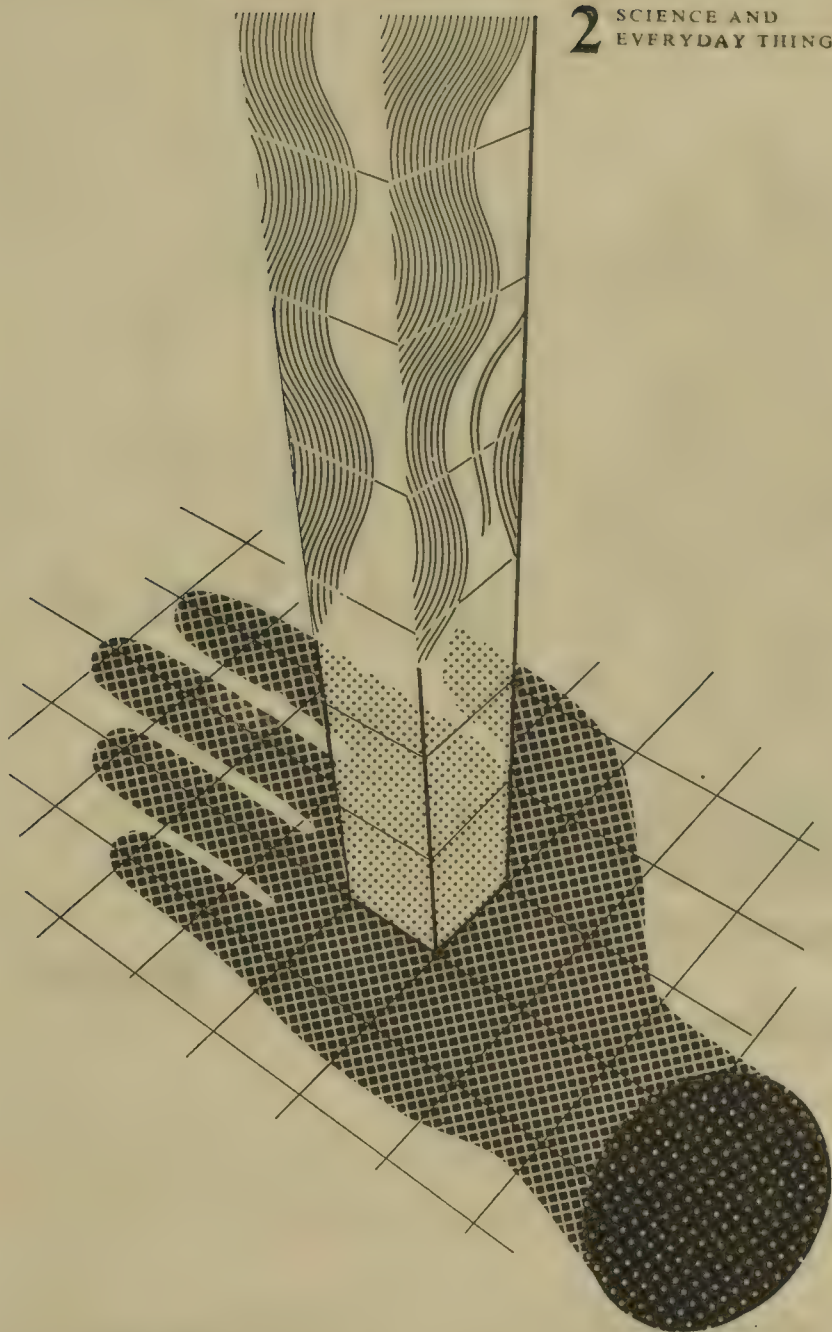
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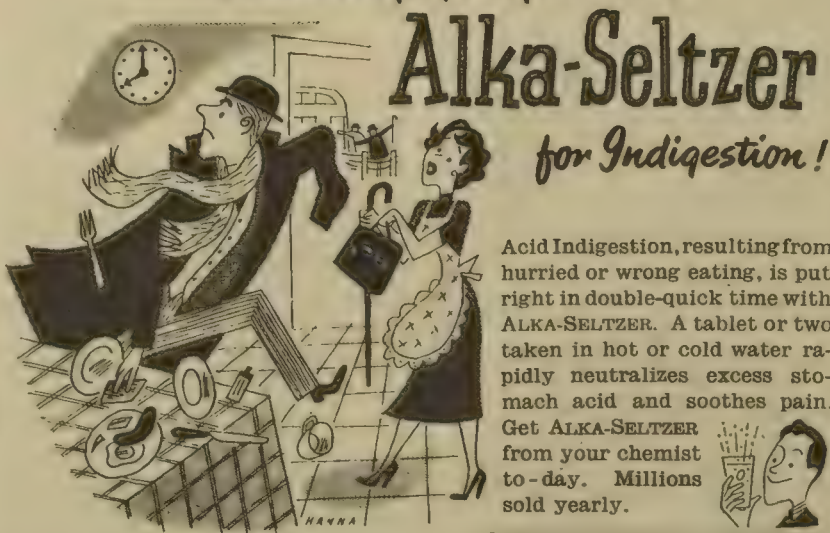
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
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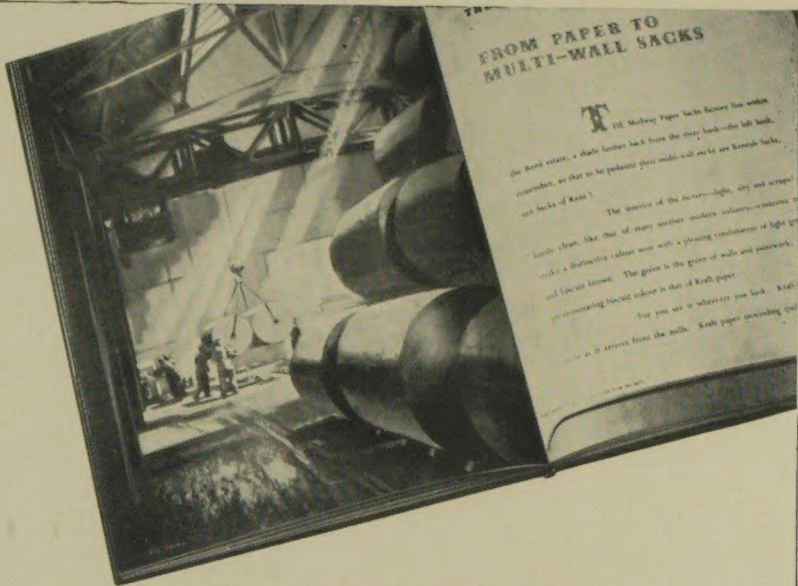
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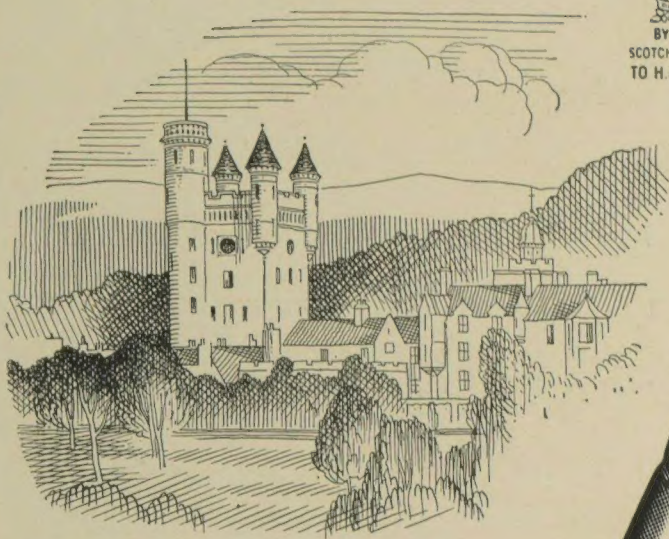
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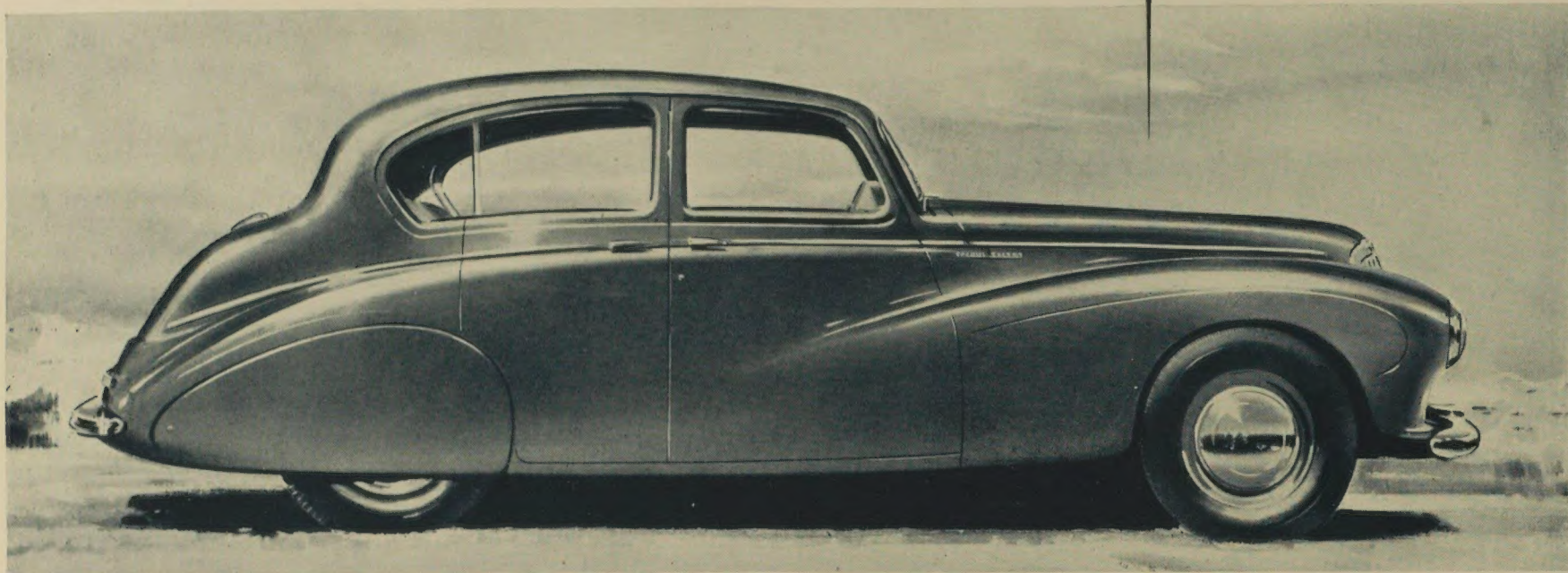
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